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CANDIDE

BY

VOLTAIRE

INTRODUCTION BY

PHILIP LITTELL

BENNETT A. CERF : DONALD S. KLOPFER

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INTRODUCTION

EVER since 1759, when Voltaire wrote "Candide" in ridicule of the notion that this is the best of all possible worlds, this world has been a gayer place for readers. Voltaire wrote it in three days, and five or six generations have found that its laughter does not grow old.

"Candide" has not aged. Yet how different the book would have looked if Voltaire had written it a hundred and fifty years later than 1759. It would have been, among other things, a book of sights and sounds. A modern writer would have tried to catch and fix in words some of those Atlantic changes which broke the Atlantic monotony of that voyage from Cadiz to Buenos Ayres. When Martin and Candide were sailing the length of the Mediterranean we should have had a contrast between naked scarped Balearic cliffs and headlands of Calabria in their mists. We should have had quarter distances, far horizons, the altering silhouettes of an Ionian island. Colored birds would have filled Paraguay with their silver or acid cries.

Dr. Pangloss, to prove the existence of design in the universe, says that noses were made to carry

spectacles, and so we have spectacles. A modern satirist would not try to paint with Voltaire's quick brush the doctrine that he wanted to expose. And he would choose a more complicated doctrine than Dr. Pangloss's optimism, would study it more closely, feel his destructive way about it with a more learned and caressing malice. His attack, stealthier, more flexible and more patient than Voltaire's, would call upon us, especially when his learning got a little out of control, to be more than patient. Now and then he would bore us. "Candide" never bored anybody except William Wordsworth.

Voltaire's men and women point his case against optimism by starting high and falling low. A modern could not go about it after this fashion. He would not plunge his people into an unfamiliar misery. He would just keep them in the misery they were born to.

But such an account of Voltaire's procedure is as misleading as the plaster cast of a dance. Look at his procedure again. Mademoiselle Cunégonde, the illustrious Westphalian, sprung from a family that could prove seventy-one quarterings, descends and descends until we find her earning her keep by washing dishes in the Propontis. The aged faithful attendant, victim of a hundred acts of rape by negro pirates, remembers that she is the daughter of a pope, and that in honor of her approaching marriage

with a Prince of Massa-Carrara all Italy wrote sonnets of which not one was passable. We do not need to know French literature before Voltaire in order to feel, although the lurking parody may escape us, that he is poking fun at us and at himself. His laughter at his own methods grows more unmistakable at the last, when he caricatures them by casually assembling six fallen monarchs in an inn at Venice.

A modern assailant of optimism would arm himself with social pity. There is no social pity in "Candide." Voltaire, whose light touch on familiar institutions opens them and reveals their absurdity, likes to remind us that the slaughter and pillage and murder which Candide witnessed among the Bulgarians was perfectly regular, having been conducted according to the laws and usages of war. Had Voltaire lived to-day he would have done to poverty what he did to war. Pitying the poor, he would have shown us poverty as a ridiculous anachronism, and both the ridicule and the pity would have expressed his indignation.

Almost any modern, essaying a philosophic tale, would make it long. "Candide" is only a "Hamlet" and a half long. It would hardly have been shorter if Voltaire had spent three months on it, instead of those three days. A conciseness to be matched in English by nobody except Pope, who can say a plagiarizing enemy "steals much, spends little, and

has nothing left," a conciseness which Pope toiled and sweated for, came as easy as wit to Voltaire. He can afford to be witty, parenthetically, by the way, prodigally, without saving, because he knows there is more wit where that came from.

One of Max Beerbohm's cartoons shows us the young Twentieth Century going at top speed, and watched by two of his predecessors. Underneath is this legend: "The Grave Misgivings of the Nineteenth Century, and the Wicked Amusement of the Eighteenth, in Watching the Progress (or whatever it is) of the Twentieth." This Eighteenth Century, snuff-taking and malicious, is like Voltaire, who nevertheless must know, if he happens to think of it, that not yet in the Twentieth Century, not for all its speed mania, has any one come near to equalling the speed of a prose tale by Voltaire. "Candide" is a full book. It is filled with mockery, with inventiveness, with things as concrete as things to eat and coins, it has time for the neatest intellectual clickings, it is never hurried, and it moves with the most amazing rapidity. It has the rapidity of high spirits playing a game. The dry high spirits of this destroyer of optimism make most optimists look damp and depressed. Contemplation of the stupidity which deems happiness possible almost made Voltaire happy. His attack on optimism is one of the gayest books in the world. Gaiety has been scattered every-

where up and down its pages by Voltaire's lavish hand, by his thin fingers.

Many propagandist satirical books have been written with "Candide" in mind, but not too many. To-day, especially, when new faiths are changing the structure of the world, faiths which are still plastic enough to be deformed by every disciple, each disciple for himself, and which have not yet received the final deformation known as universal acceptance, to-day "Candide" is an inspiration to every narrative satirist who hates one of these new faiths, or hates every interpretation of it but his own. Either hatred will serve as a motive to satire.

That is why the present is one of the right moments to republish "Candide." I hope it will inspire younger men and women, the only ones who can be inspired, to have a try at Theodore, or Militarism; Jane, or Pacifism; at So-and-So, the Pragmatist or the Freudian. And I hope, too, that they will without trying hold their pens with an eighteenth century lightness, not inappropriate to a philosophic tale. In Voltaire's fingers, as Anatole France has said, the pen runs and laughs.

PHILIP LITTELL.

PART ONE

CHAPTER I

HOW CANDIDE WAS BROUGHT UP IN A NOBLE CASTLE AND HOW HE WAS EXPELLED FROM THE SAME

In the castle of Baron Thunder-ten-tronckh in Westphalia there lived a youth, endowed by Nature with the most gentle character. His face was the expression of his soul. His judgment was quite honest and he was extremely simple-minded; and this was the reason, I think, that he was named Candide. Old servants in the house suspected that he was the son of the Baron's sister and a decent honest gentleman of the neighbourhood, whom this young lady would never marry because he could only prove seventy-one quarterings, and the rest of his genealogical tree was lost, owing to the injuries of time. The Baron was one of the most powerful lords in Westphalia, for his castle possessed a door and windows. His Great Hall was even decorated with a piece of tapestry. The dogs in his stable-yards formed a pack of hounds when necessary; his grooms were his huntsmen; the village curate was his Grand Almoner. They all called him "My Lord," and laughed heartily at his stories. The Baroness weighed about three hundred

and fifty pounds, was therefore greatly respected, and did the honours of the house with a dignity which rendered her still more respectable. Her daughter Cunegonde, aged seventeen, was rosy-cheeked, fresh, plump and tempting. The Baron's son appeared in every respect worthy of his father. The tutor Pangloss was the oracle of the house, and little Candide followed his lessons with all the candour of his age and character. Pangloss taught metaphysico-theologo-cosmolonigology. He proved admirably that there is no effect without a cause and that in this best of all possible worlds, My Lord the Baron's castle was the best of castles and his wife the best of all possible Baronesses. " 'Tis demonstrated," said he, "that things cannot be otherwise; for, since everything is made for an end, everything is necessarily for the best end. Observe that noses were made to wear spectacles; and so we have spectacles. Legs were visibly instituted to be breeched, and we have breeches. Stones were formed to be quarried and to build castles; and My Lord has a very noble castle; the greatest Baron in the province should have the best house; and as pigs were made to be eaten, we eat pork all the year round; consequently, those who have asserted that all is well talk nonsense; they ought to have said that all is for the best." Candide listened attentively and believed innocently; for he thought Mademoiselle Cunegonde extremely beauti-

ful, although he was never bold enough to tell her so. He decided that after the happiness of being born Baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, the second degree of happiness was to be Mademoiselle Cunegonde; the third, to see her every day; and the fourth to listen to Doctor Pangloss, the greatest philosopher of the province and therefore of the whole world. One day when Cunegonde was walking near the castle, in a little wood which was called The Park, she observed Doctor Pangloss in the bushes, giving a lesson in experimental physics to her mother's waiting-maid, a very pretty and docile brunette. Mademoiselle Cunegonde had a great inclination for science and watched breathlessly the reiterated experiments she witnessed; she observed clearly the Doctor's sufficient reason, the effects and the causes, and returned home very much excited, pensive, filled with the desire of learning, reflecting that she might be the sufficient reason of young Candide and that he might be hers. On her way back to the castle she met Candide and blushed; Candide also blushed. She bade him good-morning in a hesitating voice; Candide replied without knowing what he was saying. Next day, when they left the table after dinner, Cunegonde and Candide found themselves behind a screen; Cunegonde dropped her handkerchief, Candide picked it up; she innocently held his hand; the young man innocently kissed the young lady's hand with remarkable vivacity, tender-

ness and grace; their lips met, their eyes sparkled, their knees trembled, their hands wandered. Baron Thunder-ten-tronckh passed near the screen, and, observing this cause and effect, expelled Candide from the castle by kicking him in the backside frequently and hard. Cunegonde swooned; when she recovered her senses, the Baroness slapped her in the face; and all was in consternation in the noblest and most agreeable of all possible castles.

CHAPTER II

WHAT HAPPENED TO CANDIDE AMONG THE BULGARIANS

CANDIDE, expelled from the earthly paradise, wandered for a long time without knowing where he was going, turning up his eyes to Heaven, gazing back frequently at the noblest of castles which held the most beautiful of young Baronesses; he lay down to sleep supperless between two furrows in the open fields; it snowed heavily in large flakes. The next morning the shivering Candide, penniless, dying of cold and exhaustion, dragged himself towards the neighbouring town, which was called Waldberghoff-trarbk-dikdorff. He halted sadly at the door of an inn. Two men dressed in blue noticed him. "Comrade," said one, "there's a well-built young man of the right height." They went up to Candide and very civilly invited him to dinner. "Gentlemen," said Candide with charming modesty, "you do me a great honour, but I have no money to pay my share." "Ah, sir," said one of the men in blue, "persons of your figure and merit never pay anything; are you not five feet five tall?" "Yes, gentlemen," said he, bowing, "that is my height." "Ah, sir,

come to table; we will not only pay your expenses, we will never allow a man like you to be short of money; men were only made to help each other." "You are in the right," said Candide, "that is what Doctor Pangloss was always telling me, and I see that everything is for the best." They begged him to accept a few crowns, he took them and wished to give them an I O U; they refused to take it and all sat down to table. "Do you not love tenderly . . ." "Oh, yes," said he. "I love Mademoiselle Cunegonde tenderly." "No," said one of the gentlemen. "We were asking if you do not tenderly love the King of the Bulgarians." "Not a bit," said he, "for I have never seen him." "What! He is the most charming of Kings, and you must drink his health." "Oh, gladly, gentlemen." And he drank. "That is sufficient," he was told. "You are now the support, the aid, the defender, the hero of the Bulgarians; your fortune is made and your glory assured." They immediately put irons on his legs and took him to a regiment. He was made to turn to the right and left, to raise the ramrod and return the ramrod, to take aim, to fire, to double up, and he was given thirty strokes with a stick; the next day he drilled not quite so badly, and received only twenty strokes; the day after, he only had ten and was looked on as a prodigy by his comrades. Candide was completely mystified and could not make out how he

was a hero. One fine spring day he thought he would take a walk, going straight ahead, in the belief that to use his legs as he pleased was a privilege of the human species as well as of animals. He had not gone two leagues when four other heroes, each six feet tall, fell upon him, bound him and dragged him back to a cell. He was asked by his judges whether he would rather be thrashed thirty-six times by the whole regiment or receive a dozen lead bullets at once in his brain. Although he protested that men's wills are free and that he wanted neither one nor the other, he had to make a choice; by virtue of that gift of God which is called *liberty*, he determined to run the gauntlet thirty-six times and actually did so twice. There were two thousand men in the regiment. That made four thousand strokes which laid bare the muscles and nerves from his neck to his backside. As they were about to proceed to a third turn, Candide, utterly exhausted, begged as a favour that they would be so kind as to smash his head; he obtained this favour; they bound his eyes and he was made to kneel down. At that moment the King of the Bulgarians came by and inquired the victim's crime; and as this King was possessed of a vast genius, he perceived from what he learned about Candide that he was a young metaphysician very ignorant in worldly matters, and therefore pardoned him with a clemency which will be praised in all

newspapers and all ages. An honest surgeon healed Candide in three weeks with the ointments recommended by Dioscorides. He had already regained a little skin and could walk when the King of the Bulgarians went to war with the King of the Abares.

CHAPTER III

HOW CANDIDE ESCAPED FROM THE BULGARIANS AND WHAT BECAME OF HIM

NOTHING could be smarter, more splendid, more brilliant, better drawn up than the two armies. Trumpets, fifes, hautboys, drums, cannons, formed a harmony such as has never been heard even in hell. The cannons first of all laid flat about six thousand men on each side; then the musketry removed from the best of worlds some nine or ten thousand blackguards who infested its surface. The bayonet also was the sufficient reason for the death of some thousands of men. The whole might amount to thirty thousand souls. Candide, who trembled like a philosopher, hid himself as well as he could during this heroic butchery. At last, while the two Kings each commanded a Te Deum in his camp, Candide decided to go elsewhere to reason about effects and causes. He clambered over heaps of dead and dying men and reached a neighbouring village, which was in ashes; it was an Abare village which the Bulgarians had burned in accordance with international law. Here, old men dazed with blows watched the

dying agonies of their murdered wives who clutched their children to their bleeding breasts; there, disembowelled girls who had been made to satisfy the natural appetites of heroes gasped their last sighs; others, half-burned, begged to be put to death. Brains were scattered on the ground among dismembered arms and legs. Candide fled to another village as fast as he could; it belonged to the Bulgarians, and Abarian heroes had treated it in the same way. Candide, stumbling over quivering limbs or across ruins, at last escaped from the theatre of war, carrying a little food in his knapsack, and never forgetting Mademoiselle Cunegonde. His provisions were all gone when he reached Holland; but, having heard that everyone in that country was rich and a Christian, he had no doubt at all but that he would be as well treated as he had been in the Baron's castle before he had been expelled on account of Mademoiselle Cunegonde's pretty eyes. He asked an alms of several grave persons, who all replied that if he continued in that way he would be shut up in a house of correction to teach him how to live. He then addressed himself to a man who had been discoursing on charity in a large assembly for an hour on end. This orator, glancing at him askance, said: "What are you doing here? Are you for the good cause?" "There is no effect without a cause," said Candide modestly. "Everything is necessarily linked up and

arranged for the best. It was necessary that I should be expelled from the company of Mademoiselle Cunegonde, that I ran the gauntlet, and that I beg my bread until I can earn it; all this could not have happened differently." "My friend," said the orator, "do you believe that the Pope is Anti-Christ?" "I had never heard so before," said Candide, "but whether he is or isn't, I am starving." "You don't deserve to eat," said the other. "Hence, rascal; hence, you wretch; and never come near me again." The orator's wife thrust her head out of the window and seeing a man who did not believe that the Pope was Anti-Christ, she poured on his head a full . . . O Heavens! To what excess religious zeal is carried by ladies! A man who had not been baptized, an honest Anabaptist named Jacques, saw the cruel and ignominious treatment of one of his brothers, a featherless two-legged creature with a soul; he took him home, cleaned him up, gave him bread and beer, presented him with two florins, and even offered to teach him to work at the manufacture of Persian stuffs which are made in Holland. Candide threw himself at the man's feet, exclaiming: "Doctor Pangloss was right in telling me that all is for the best in this world, for I am vastly more touched by your extreme generosity than by the harshness of the gentleman in the black cloak and his good lady." The next day when he walked out he met a beggar covered with

sores, dull-eyed, with the end of his nose fallen away, his mouth awry, his teeth black, who talked huskily, was tormented with a violent cough and spat out a tooth at every cough.

CHAPTER IV

HOW CANDIDE MET HIS OLD MASTER IN PHILOSOPHY, DOCTOR PANGLOSS, AND WHAT HAPPENED

CANDIDE, moved even more by compassion than by horror, gave this horrible beggar the two florins he had received from the honest Anabaptist, Jacques. The phantom gazed fixedly at him, shed tears and threw its arms round his neck. Candide recoiled in terror. "Alas!" said the wretch to the other wretch, "don't you recognise your dear Pangloss?" "What do I hear? You, my dear master! You, in this horrible state! What misfortune has happened to you? Why are you no longer in the noblest of castles? What has become of Mademoiselle Cunegonde, the pearl of young ladies, the masterpiece of Nature?" "I am exhausted," said Pangloss. Candide immediately took him to the Anabaptist's stable where he gave him a little bread to eat; and when Pangloss had recovered: "Well!" said he, "Cunegonde?" "Dead," replied the other. At this word Candide swooned; his friend restored him to his senses with a little bad vinegar which happened to be in the stable. Candide opened his eyes. "Cunegonde dead!

Ah! best of worlds, where are you? But what illness did she die of? Was it because she saw me kicked out of her father's noble castle?" "No," said Pangloss. "She was disembowelled by Bulgarian soldiers, after having been raped to the limit of possibility; they broke the Baron's head when he tried to defend her; the Baroness was cut to pieces; my poor pupil was treated exactly like his sister; and as to the castle, there is not one stone standing on another, not a barn, not a sheep, not a duck, not a tree; but we were well avenged, for the Abares did exactly the same to a neighbouring barony which belonged to a Bulgarian Lord." At this, Candide swooned again; but, having recovered and having said all that he ought to say, he inquired the cause and effect, the sufficient reason which had reduced Pangloss to so piteous a state. "Alas!" said Pangloss, " 'tis love; love, the consoler of the human race, the preserver of the universe, the soul of all tender creatures, gentle love." "Alas!" said Candide, "I am acquainted with this love, this sovereign of hearts, this soul of our soul; it has never brought me anything but one kiss and twenty kicks in the backside. How could this beautiful cause produce in you so abominable an effect?" Pangloss replied as follows: "My dear Candide! You remember Paquette, the maid-servant of our august Baroness; in her arms I enjoyed the delights of Paradise which have produced the tortures of

Hell by which you see I am devoured; she was infected and perhaps is dead. Paquette received this present from a most learned monk, who had it from the source; for he received it from an old countess, who had it from a cavalry captain, who owed it to a marchioness, who derived it from a page, who had received it from a Jesuit, who, when a novice, had it in a direct line from one of the companions of Christopher Columbus. For my part, I shall not give it to anyone, for I am dying." "O Pangloss!" exclaimed Candide, "this is a strange genealogy! Wasn't the devil at the root of it?" "Not at all," replied that great man. "It was something indispensable in this best of worlds, a necessary ingredient; for, if Columbus in an island of America had not caught this disease, which poisons the source of generation, and often indeed prevents generation, we should not have chocolate and cochineal; it must also be noticed that hitherto in our continent this disease is peculiar to us, like theological disputes. The Turks, the Indians, the Persians, the Chinese, the Siamese and the Japanese are not yet familiar with it; but there is a sufficient reason why they in their turn should become familiar with it in a few centuries. Meanwhile, it has made marvellous progress among us, and especially in those large armies composed of honest, well-bred stipendiaries who decide the destiny of States; it may be

asserted that when thirty thousand men fight a pitched battle against an equal number of troops, there are about twenty thousand with the pox on either side." "Admirable!" said Candide. "But you must get cured." "How can I?" said Pangloss. "I haven't a sou, my friend, and in the whole extent of this globe, you cannot be bled or receive an enema without paying or without someone paying for you." This last speech determined Candide; he went and threw himself at the feet of his charitable Anabaptist, Jacques, and drew so touching a picture of the state to which his friend was reduced that the good easy man did not hesitate to succour Pangloss; he had him cured at his own expense. In this cure Pangloss only lost one eye and one ear. He could write well and knew arithmetic perfectly. The Anabaptist made him his book-keeper. At the end of two months he was compelled to go to Lisbon on business and took his two philosophers on the boat with him. Pangloss explained to him how everything was for the best. Jacques was not of this opinion. "Men," said he, "must have corrupted nature a little, for they were not born wolves, and they have become wolves. God did not give them twenty-four-pounder cannons or bayonets, and they have made bayonets and cannons to destroy each other. I might bring bankruptcies into the account and Justice which seizes the goods of bankrupts in

order to deprive the creditors of them." "It was all indispensable," replied the one-eyed doctor, "and private misfortunes make the public good, so that the more private misfortunes there are, the more everything is well." While he was reasoning, the air grew dark, the winds blew from the four quarters of the globe and the ship was attacked by the most horrible tempest in sight of the port of Lisbon.

CHAPTER V

STORM, SHIPWRECK, EARTHQUAKE, AND WHAT HAPPENED TO DR. PANGLOSS, TO CANDIDE AND THE ANABAPTIST JACQUES

HALF the enfeebled passengers, suffering from that inconceivable anguish which the rolling of a ship causes in the nerves and in all the humours of bodies shaken in contrary directions, did not retain strength enough even to trouble about the danger. The other half screamed and prayed; the sails were torn, the masts broken, the vessel leaking. Those worked who could, no one co-operated, no one commanded. The Anabaptist tried to help the crew a little; he was on the main-deck; a furious sailor struck him violently and stretched him on the deck; but the blow he delivered gave him so violent a shock that he fell head-first out of the ship. He remained hanging and clinging to part of the broken mast. The good Jacques ran to his aid, helped him to climb back, and from the effort he made was flung into the sea in full view of the sailor, who allowed him to drown without condescending even to look at him. Candide came up, saw his benefactor reappear for

a moment and then be engulfed for ever. He tried to throw himself after him into the sea; he was prevented by the philosopher Pangloss, who proved to him that the Lisbon roads had been expressly created for the Anabaptist to be drowned in them. While he was proving this *a priori*, the vessel sank, and every one perished except Pangloss, Candide and the brutal sailor who had drowned the virtuous Anabaptist; the blackguard swam successfully to the shore and Pangloss and Candide were carried there on a plank. When they had recovered a little, they walked toward Lisbon; they had a little money by the help of which they hoped to be saved from hunger after having escaped the storm. Weeping the death of their benefactor, they had scarcely set foot in the town when they felt the earth tremble under their feet; the sea rose in foaming masses in the port and smashed the ships which rode at anchor. Whirlwinds of flame and ashes covered the streets and squares; the houses collapsed, the roofs were thrown upon the foundations, and the foundations were scattered; thirty thousand inhabitants of every age and both sexes were crushed under the ruins. Whistling and swearing, the sailor said: "There'll be something to pick up here." "What can be the sufficient reason for this phenomenon?" said Pangloss. "It is the last day!" cried Candide. The sailor immediately ran among the debris, dared

death to find money, found it, seized it, got drunk, and having slept off his wine, purchased the favours of the first woman of good-will he met on the ruins of the houses and among the dead and dying. Pangloss, however, pulled him by the sleeve. "My friend," said he, "this is not well, you are disregarding universal reason, you choose the wrong time." "Blood and 'ounds!" he retorted, "I am a sailor and I was born in Batavia; four times have I stamped on the crucifix during four voyages to Japan; you have found the right man for your universal reason!" Candide had been hurt by some falling stones; he lay in the street covered with debris. He said to Pangloss: "Alas! Get me a little wine and oil; I am dying." "This earthquake is not a new thing," replied Pangloss. "The town of Lima felt the same shocks in America last year; similar causes produce similar effects; there must certainly be a train of sulphur underground from Lima to Lisbon." "Nothing is more probable," replied Candide; "but, for God's sake, a little oil and wine." "What do you mean, probable?" replied the philosopher; "I maintain that it is proved." Candide lost consciousness, and Pangloss brought him a little water from a neighbouring fountain. Next day they found a little food as they wandered among the ruins and regained a little strength. Afterwards they worked like others to help the in-

habitants who had escaped death. Some citizens they had assisted gave them as good a dinner as could be expected in such a disaster; true, it was a dreary meal; the hosts watered their bread with their tears, but Pangloss consoled them by assuring them that things could not be otherwise. "For," said he, "all this is for the best; for, if there is a volcano at Lisbon, it cannot be anywhere else; for it is impossible that things should not be where they are; for all is well." A little, dark man, a familiar of the Inquisition, who sat beside him, politely took up the conversation, and said: "Apparently, you do not believe in original sin; for, if everything is for the best, there was neither fall nor punishment." "I most humbly beg your excellency's pardon," replied Pangloss still more politely, "for the fall of man and the curse necessarily entered into the best of all possible worlds." "Then you do not believe in free-will?" said the familiar. "Your excellency will pardon me," said Pangloss; "free-will can exist with absolute necessity; for it was necessary that we should be free; for in short, limited will . . ." Pangloss was in the middle of his phrase when the familiar nodded to his armed attendant who was pouring out port or Oporto wine for him.

CHAPTER VI

HOW A SPLENDID AUTO-DA-FÉ WAS HELD TO PREVENT EARTHQUAKES, AND HOW CANDIDE WAS FLOGGED

After the earthquake which destroyed three-quarters of Lisbon, the wise men of that country could discover no more efficacious way of preventing a total ruin than by giving the people a splendid *auto-da-fé*. It was decided by the university of Coimbre that the sight of several persons being slowly burned in great ceremony is an infallible secret for preventing earthquakes. Consequently they had arrested a Biscayan convicted of having married his fellow-godmother, and two Portuguese who, when eating a chicken, had thrown away the bacon; after dinner they came and bound Dr. Pangloss and his disciple Candide, one because he had spoken and the other because he had listened with an air of approbation; they were both carried separately to extremely cool apartments, where there was never any discomfort from the sun; a week afterwards each was dressed in a sanbenito and their heads were ornamented with paper mitres; Candide's mitre and sanbenito were painted with flames upside down and

with devils who had neither tails nor claws; but Pangloss's devils had claws and tails, and his flames were upright. Dressed in this manner they marched in procession and listened to a most pathetic sermon, followed by lovely plain-song music. Candide was flogged in time to the music, while the singing went on; the Biscayan and the two men who had not wanted to eat bacon were burned, and Pangloss was hanged, although this is not the custom. The very same day, the earth shook again with a terrible clamour. Candide, terrified, dumbfounded, bewildered, covered with blood, quivering from head to foot, said to himself: "If this is the best of all possible worlds, what are the others? Let it pass that I was flogged, for I was flogged by the Bulgarians, but, O my dear Pangloss! The greatest of philosophers! Must I see you hanged without knowing why! O my dear Anabaptist! The best of men! Was it necessary that you should be drowned in port! O Mademoiselle Cunegonde! The pearl of women! Was it necessary that your belly should be slit!" He was returning, scarcely able to support himself, preached at, flogged, absolved and blessed, when an old woman accosted him and said: "Courage, my son, follow me."

CHAPTER VII

HOW AN OLD WOMAN TOOK CARE OF CANDIDE AND HOW HE REGAINED THAT WHICH HE LOVED

CANDIDE did not take courage, but he followed the old woman to a hovel; she gave him a pot of ointment to rub on, and left him food and drink; she pointed out a fairly clean bed; near the bed there was a suit of clothes. "Eat, drink, sleep," said she, "and may our Lady of Atocha, my Lord Saint Anthony of Padua and my Lord Saint James of Compostella take care of you; I shall come back to-morrow." Candide, still amazed by all he had seen, by all he had suffered, and still more by the old woman's charity, tried to kiss her hand. "'Tis not my hand you should kiss," said the old woman, "I shall come back to-morrow. Rub on the ointment, eat and sleep." In spite of all his misfortune, Candide ate and went to sleep. Next day the old woman brought him breakfast, examined his back and smeared him with another ointment; later she brought him dinner, and returned in the evening with supper. The next day she went through the same ceremony. "Who are you?" Candide kept ask-

ing her. "Who has inspired you with so much kindness? How can I thank you?" The good woman never made any reply; she returned in the evening without any supper. "Come with me," said she, "and do not speak a word." She took him by the arm and walked into the country with him for about a quarter of a mile; they came to an isolated house, surrounded with gardens and canals. The old woman knocked at a little door. It was opened; she led Candide up a back stairway into a gilded apartment, left him on a brocaded sofa, shut the door and went away. Candide thought he was dreaming, and felt that his whole life was a bad dream and the present moment an agreeable dream. The old woman soon reappeared; she was supporting with some difficulty a trembling woman of majestic stature, glittering with precious stones and covered with a veil. "Remove the veil," said the old woman to Candide. The young man advanced and lifted the veil with a timid hand. What a moment! What a surprise! He thought he saw Mademoiselle Cunegonde, in fact he was looking at her, it was she herself. His strength failed him, he could not utter a word and fell at her feet. Cunegonde fell on the sofa. The old woman dosed them with distilled waters; they recovered their senses and began to speak: at first they uttered only broken words, questions and answers at cross purposes, sighs, tears, exclamations.

The old woman advised them to make less noise and left them alone. "What! Is it you?" said Candide. "You are alive, and I find you here in Portugal! Then you were not raped? Your belly was not slit, as the philosopher Pangloss assured me?" "Yes, indeed," said the fair Cunegonde; "but those two accidents are not always fatal." "But your father and mother were killed?" "'Tis only too true," said Cunegonde, weeping. "And your brother?" "My brother was killed too." "And why are you in Portugal? And how did you know I was here? And by what strange adventure have you brought me to this house?" "I will tell you everything," replied the lady, "but first of all you must tell me everything that has happened to you since the innocent kiss you gave me and the kicks you received." Candide obeyed with profound respect; and, although he was bewildered, although his voice was weak and trembling, although his back was still a little painful, he related in the most natural manner all he had endured since the moment of their separation. Cunegonde raised her eyes to heaven; she shed tears at the death of the good Anabaptist and Pangloss, after which she spoke as follows to Candide, who did not miss a word and devoured her with his eyes.

CHAPTER VIII

CUNEGONDE'S STORY

"I was fast asleep in bed when it pleased Heaven to send the Bulgarians to our noble castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh; they murdered my father and brother and cut my mother to pieces. A large Bulgarian six feet tall, seeing that I had swooned at the spectacle, began to rape me; this brought me to, I recovered my senses, I screamed, I struggled, I bit, I scratched, I tried to tear out the big Bulgarian's eyes, not knowing that what was happening in my father's castle was a matter of custom; the brute stabbed me with a knife in the left side where I still have the scar." "Alas! I hope I shall see it," said the naïf Candide. "You shall see it," said Cunegonde, "but let me go on." "Go on," said Candide. She took up the thread of her story as follows: "A Bulgarian captain came in, saw me covered with blood, and the soldier did not disturb himself. The captain was angry at the brute's lack of respect to him, and killed him on my body. Afterwards, he had me bandaged and took me to his billet as a prisoner of war. I washed the few shirts he had and did the cooking; I must admit he

thought me very pretty; and I will not deny that he was very well built and that his skin was white and soft; otherwise he had little wit and little philosophy; it was plain that he had not been brought up by Dr. Pangloss. At the end of three months he lost all his money and got tired of me; he sold me to a Jew named Don Issachar, who traded in Holland and Portugal and had a passion for women. This Jew devoted himself to my person but he could not triumph over it; I resisted him better than the Bulgarian soldier; a lady of honour may be raped once, but it strengthens her virtue. In order to subdue me, the Jew brought me to this country house. Up till then I believed that there was nothing on earth so splendid as the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh; I was undeceived. One day the Grand Inquisitor noticed me at Mass; he ogled me continually and sent a message that he wished to speak to me on secret affairs. I was taken to his palace; I informed him of my birth; he pointed out how much it was beneath my rank to belong to an Israelite. A proposition was made on his behalf to Don Issachar to give me up to His Lordship. Don Issachar, who is the court banker and a man of influence, would not agree. The Inquisitor threatened him with an *auto-da-fé*. At last the Jew was frightened and made a bargain whereby the house and I belong to both in common. The Jew has Mondays,

Wednesdays and the Sabbath day, and the Inquisitor has the other days of the week. This arrangement has lasted for six months. It has not been without quarrels; for it has often been debated whether the night between Saturday and Sunday belonged to the old law or the new. For my part, I have hitherto resisted them both; and I think that is the reason why they still love me. At last My Lord the Inquisitor was pleased to arrange an *auto-da-fé* to remove the scourge of earthquakes and to intimidate Don Issachar. He honoured me with an invitation. I had an excellent seat; and refreshments were served to the ladies between the Mass and the execution. I was indeed horror-stricken when I saw the burning of the two Jews and the honest Biscayan who had married his fellow-godmother; but what was my surprise, my terror, my anguish, when I saw in a sanbenito and under a mitre a face which resembled Pangloss's! I rubbed my eyes, I looked carefully, I saw him hanged; and I fainted. I had scarcely recovered my senses when I saw you stripped naked; that was the height of horror, of consternation, of grief and despair. I will frankly tell you that your skin is even whiter and of a more perfect tint than that of my Bulgarian captain. This spectacle redoubled all the feelings which crushed and devoured me. I exclaimed, I tried to say: 'Stop, Barbarians!' but my voice failed and my cries would

have been useless. When you had been well flogged, I said to myself: 'How does it happen that the charming Candide and the wise Pangloss are in Lisbon, the one to receive a hundred lashes, and the other to be hanged, by order of My Lord the Inquisitor, whose darling I am? Pangloss deceived me cruelly when he said that all is for the best in the world.' I was agitated, distracted, sometimes beside myself and sometimes ready to die of faintness, and my head was filled with the massacre of my father, of my mother, of my brother, the insolence of my horrid Bulgarian soldier, the gash he gave me, my slavery, my life as a kitchen-wench, my Bulgarian captain, my horrid Don Issachar, my abominable Inquisitor, the hanging of Dr. Pangloss, that long plain-song *miserere* during which you were flogged, and above all the kiss I gave you behind the screen that day when I saw you for the last time. I praised God for bringing you back to me through so many trials, I ordered my old woman to take care of you and to bring you here as soon as she could. She has carried out my commission very well; I have enjoyed the inexpressible pleasure of seeing you again, of listening to you, and of speaking to you. You must be very hungry; I have a good appetite; let us begin by having supper." Both sat down to supper; and after supper they returned to the handsome sofa we have already mentioned; they

were still there when Signor Don Issachar, one of the masters of the house, arrived. It was the day of the Sabbath. He came to enjoy his rights and to express his tender love.

CHAPTER IX

WHAT HAPPENED TO CUNEGONDE, TO CANDIDE, TO THE GRAND INQUISITOR AND TO A JEW

This Issachar was the most choleric Hebrew who had been seen in Israel since the Babylonian captivity. "What!" said he. "Bitch of a Galilean, isn't it enough to have the Inquisitor? Must this scoundrel share with me too? So saying, he drew a long dagger which he always carried and, thinking that his adversary was unarmed, threw himself upon Candide; but our good Westphalian had received an excellent sword from the old woman along with his suit of clothes. He drew his sword, and although he had a most gentle character, laid the Israelite stone-dead on the floor at the feet of the fair Cunegonde. "Holy Virgin!" she exclaimed, "what will become of us? A man killed in my house! If the police come we are lost." "If Pangloss had not been hanged," said Candide, "he would have given us good advice in this extremity, for he was a great philosopher. In default of him, let us consult the old woman." She was extremely prudent and was beginning to give her advice when another little door opened. It was

an hour after midnight, and Sunday was beginning. This day belonged to My Lord the Inquisitor. He came in and saw the flogged Candide sword in hand, a corpse lying on the ground, Cunegonde in terror, and the old woman giving advice. At this moment, here is what happened in Candide's soul and the manner of his reasoning: "If this holy man calls for help, he will infallibly have me burned; he might do as much to Cunegonde; he had me pitilessly lashed; he is my rival; I am in the mood to kill, there is no room for hesitation." His reasoning was clear and swift; and, without giving the Inquisitor time to recover from his surprise, he pierced him through and through and cast him beside the Jew. "Here's another," said Cunegonde, "there is no chance of mercy; we are excommunicated, our last hour has come. How does it happen that you, who were born so mild, should kill a Jew and a prelate in two minutes?" "My dear young lady," replied Candide, "when a man is in love, jealous, and has been flogged by the Inquisition, he is beside himself." The old woman then spoke up and said: "In the stable are three Andalusian horses, with their saddles and bridles; let the brave Candide prepare them; mademoiselle has moidores and diamonds; let us mount quickly, although I can only sit on one buttock, and go to Cadiz; the weather is beautifully fine, and it is most pleasant to travel in the coolness of the

night." Candide immediately saddled the three horses. Cunegonde, the old woman and he rode thirty miles without stopping. While they were riding away, the Holy Hermandad arrived at the house; My Lord was buried in a splendid church and Issachar was thrown into a sewer. Candide, Cunegonde and the old woman had already reached the little town of Avacena in the midst of the mountains of the Sierra Morena; and they talked in their inn as follows.

CHAPTER X

HOW CANDIDE, CUNEGONDE AND THE OLD WOMAN ARRIVED AT CADIZ IN GREAT DISTRESS, AND HOW THEY EMBARKED

"WHO can have stolen my pistoles and my diamonds?" said Cunegonde, weeping. "How shall we live? What shall we do? Where shall we find Inquisitors and Jews to give me others?" "Alas!" said the old woman, "I strongly suspect a reverend Franciscan father who slept in the same inn at Badajoz with us; Heaven forbid that I should judge rashly! But he twice came into our room and left long before we did." "Alas!" said Candide, "the good Pangloss often proved to me that this world's goods are common to all men and that every one has an equal right to them. According to these principles the monk should have left us enough to continue our journey. Have you nothing left then, my fair Cunegonde?" "Not a maravedi," said she. "What are we to do?" said Candide. "Sell one of the horses," said the old woman. "I will ride postillion behind Mademoiselle Cunegonde, although I can only sit on one buttock, and we will get to Cadiz." In the same hotel there

was a Benedictine friar. He bought the horse very cheap. Candide, Cunegonde and the old woman passed through Lucena, Chillas, Lebrixa, and at last reached Cadiz. A fleet was there being equipped and troops were being raised to bring to reason the reverend Jesuit fathers of Paraguay, who were accused of causing the revolt of one of their tribes against the kings of Spain and Portugal near the town of Sacramento. Candide, having served with the Bulgarians, went through the Bulgarian drill before the general of the little army with so much grace, celerity, skill, pride and agility, that he was given the command of an infantry company. He was now a captain; he embarked with Mademoiselle Cunegonde, the old woman, two servants, and the two Andalusian horses which had belonged to the Grand Inquisitor of Portugal. During the voyage they had many discussions about the philosophy of poor Pangloss. "We are going to a new world," said Candide, "and no doubt it is there that everything is for the best; for it must be admitted that one might lament a little over the physical and moral happenings in our own world." "I love you with all my heart," said Cunegonde, "but my soul is still shocked by what I have seen and undergone." "All will be well," replied Candide; "the sea in this new world already is better than the seas of our Europe; it is calmer and the winds are more constant. It is

certainly the new world which is the best of all possible worlds." "God grant it!" said Cunegonde, "but I have been so horribly unhappy in mine that my heart is nearly closed to hope." "You complain," said the old woman to them. "Alas! you have not endured such misfortunes as mine." Cunegonde almost laughed and thought it most amusing of the old woman to assert that she was more unfortunate. "Alas! my dear," said she, "unless you have been raped by two Bulgarians, stabbed twice in the belly, have had two castles destroyed, two fathers and mothers murdered before your eyes, and have seen two of your lovers flogged in an *auto-da-fé*, I do not see how you can surpass me; moreover, I was born a Baroness with seventy-two quarterings and I have been a kitchen wench." "You do not know my birth," said the old woman, "and if I showed you my backside you would not talk as you do and you would suspend your judgment." This speech aroused intense curiosity in the minds of Cunegonde and Candide. And the old woman spoke as follows.

CHAPTER XI

THE OLD WOMAN'S STORY

"My eyes were not always bloodshot and red-rimmed; my nose did not always touch my chin and I was not always a servant. I am the daughter of Pope Urban X and the Princess of Palestrina. Until I was fourteen I was brought up in a palace to which all the castles of your German Barons would not have served as stables; and one of my dresses cost more than all the magnificence of Westphalia. I increased in beauty, in grace, in talents, among pleasures, respect and hopes; already I inspired love, my breasts were forming; and what breasts! White, firm, carved like those of the Venus de' Medici. And what eyes! What eyelids! What black eyebrows! What fire shone from my two eye-balls, and dimmed the glitter of the stars, as the local poets pointed out to me. The women who dressed and undressed me fell into ecstasy when they beheld me in front and behind; and all the men would have liked to be in their place. I was betrothed to a ruling prince of Massa-Carrara. What a prince! As beautiful as I was, formed of gentleness and charms, brilliantly witty and burning with love; I loved him with a first love, idolatrously

and extravagantly. The marriage ceremonies were arranged with unheard-of pomp and magnificence; there were continual fêtes, revels and comic operas; all Italy wrote sonnets for me and not a good one among them. I touched the moment of my happiness when an old marchioness who had been my prince's mistress invited him to take chocolate with her; less than two hours afterwards he died in horrible convulsions; but that is only a trifle. My mother was in despair, though less distressed than I, and wished to absent herself for a time from a place so disastrous. She had a most beautiful estate near Gaeta; we embarked on a galley, gilded like the altar of St. Peter's at Rome. A Salle pirate swooped down and boarded us; our soldiers defended us like soldiers of the Pope; they threw down their arms, fell on their knees and asked the pirates for absolution *in articulo mortis*. They were immediately stripped as naked as monkeys and my mother, our ladies of honour and myself as well. The diligence with which these gentlemen strip people is truly admirable; but I was still more surprised by their inserting a finger in a place belonging to all of us where we women usually only allow the end of a syringe. This appeared to me a very strange ceremony; but that is how we judge everything when we leave our own country. I soon learned that it was to find out if we had hidden any diamonds there; 'tis a custom established from time

immemorial among the civilised nations who roam the seas. I have learned that the religious Knights of Malta never fail in it when they capture Turks and Turkish women; this is an international law which has never been broken. I will not tell you how hard it is for a young princess to be taken with her mother as a slave to Morocco; you will also guess all we had to endure in the pirates' ship. My mother was still very beautiful; our ladies of honour, even our waiting-maids possessed more charms than could be found in all Africa; and I was ravishing, I was beauty, grace itself, and I was a virgin; I did not remain so long; the flower which had been reserved for the handsome prince of Massa-Carrara was ravished from me by a pirate captain; he was an abominable negro who thought he was doing me a great honour. The Princess of Palestrina and I must indeed have been strong to bear up against all we endured before our arrival in Morocco! But let that pass; these things are so common that they are not worth mentioning. Morocco was swimming in blood when we arrived. The fifty sons of the Emperor Muley Ismael had each a faction; and this produced fifty civil wars, of blacks against blacks, browns against browns, mulattoes against mulattoes. There was continual carnage throughout the whole extent of the empire. Scarcely had we landed when the blacks of a party hostile to that of my pirate arrived

with the purpose of depriving him of his booty. After the diamonds and the gold, we were the most valuable possessions. I witnessed a fight such as is never seen in your European climates. The blood of the northern peoples is not sufficiently ardent; their madness for women does not reach the point which is common in Africa. The Europeans seem to have milk in their veins; but vitriol and fire flow in the veins of the inhabitants of Mount Atlas and the neighbouring countries. They fought with the fury of the lions, tigers and serpents of the country to determine who should have us. A Moor grasped my mother by the right arm, my captain's lieutenant held her by the left arm; a Moorish soldier held one leg and one of our pirates seized the other. In a moment nearly all our women were seized in the same way by four soldiers. My captain kept me hidden behind him; he had a scimitar in his hand and killed everybody who opposed his fury. I saw my mother and all our Italian women torn in pieces, gashed, massacred by the monsters who disputed them. The prisoners, my companions, those who had captured them, soldiers, sailors, blacks, browns, whites, mulattoes and finally my captain were all killed and I remained expiring on a heap of corpses. As every one knows, such scenes go on in an area of more than three hundred square leagues and yet no one ever fails to recite the five daily prayers ordered by

Mahomet. With great difficulty I extricated myself from the bloody heaps of corpses and dragged myself to the foot of a large orange-tree on the bank of a stream; there I fell down with terror, weariness, horror, despair and hunger. Soon afterwards, my exhausted senses fell into a sleep which was more like a swoon than repose. I was in this state of weakness and insensibility between life and death when I felt myself oppressed by something which moved on my body. I opened my eyes and saw a white man of good appearance who was sighing and muttering between his teeth: *O che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni!*

CHAPTER XII

CONTINUATION OF THE OLD WOMAN'S MISFORTUNES

"Amazed and delighted to hear my native language, and not less surprised at the words spoken by this man, I replied that there were greater misfortunes than that of which he complained. In a few words I informed him of the horrors I had undergone and then swooned again. He carried me to a neighbouring house, had me put to bed, gave me food, waited on me, consoled me, flattered me, told me he had never seen anyone so beautiful as I, and that he had never so much regretted that which no one could give back to him. 'I was born at Naples,' he said, 'and every year they make two or three thousand children there into capons; some die of it, others acquire voices more beautiful than women's, and others become the governors of States. This operation was performed upon me with very great success and I was a musician in the chapel of the Princess of Palestrina.' 'Of my mother,' I exclaimed. 'Of your mother!' cried he, weeping. 'What! Are you that young princess I brought up to the age of six and who even then gave promise of being as beautiful as you are?' 'I am! my

mother is four hundred yards from here, cut into quarters under a heap of corpses . . .' I related all that had happened to me; he also told me his adventures and informed me how he had been sent to the King of Morocco by a Christian power to make a treaty with that monarch whereby he was supplied with powder, cannons and ships to help to exterminate the commerce of other Christians. 'My mission is accomplished,' said this honest eunuch, 'I am about to embark at Ceuta and I will take you back to Italy. *Ma che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni!*' I thanked him with tears of gratitude; and instead of taking me back to Italy he conducted me to Algiers and sold me to the Dey. I had scarcely been sold when the plague which had gone through Africa, Asia and Europe, broke out furiously in Algiers. You have seen earthquakes; but have you ever seen the plague?" "Never," replied the Baroness. "If you had," replied the old woman, "you would admit that it is much worse than an earthquake. It is very common in Africa; I caught it. Imagine the situation of a Pope's daughter aged fifteen, who in three months had undergone poverty and slavery, had been raped nearly every day, had seen her mother cut into four pieces, had undergone hunger and war, and was now dying of the plague in Algiers. However, I did not die; but my eunuch and the Dey and almost all the seraglio of Algiers perished. When

the first ravages of this frightful plague were over, the Dey's slaves were sold. A merchant bought me and carried me to Tunis; he sold me to another merchant who re-sold me at Tripoli; from Tripoli I was re-sold to Alexandria, from Alexandria re-sold to Smyrna, from Smyrna to Constantinople. I was finally bought by an Aga of the Janizaries, who was soon ordered to defend Azov against the Russians who were besieging it. The Aga, who was a man of great gallantry, took his whole seraglio with him, and lodged us in a little fort on the Islands of Palus-Maeotis, guarded by two black eunuchs and twenty soldiers. He killed a prodigious number of Russians but they returned the compliment as well. Azov was given up to fire and blood, neither sex nor age was pardoned; only our little fort remained; and the enemy tried to reduce it by starving us. The twenty Janizaries had sworn never to surrender us. The extremities of hunger to which they were reduced forced them to eat our two eunuchs for fear of breaking their oath. Some days later they resolved to eat the women. We had with us a most pious and compassionate Imam who delivered a fine sermon to them by which he persuaded them not to kill us altogether. 'Cut,' said he, 'only one buttock from each of these ladies and you will make very good cheer; if you have to return, there will still be as much left in a few days; Heaven will be pleased at so charitable an

action and you will be saved.' He was very eloquent and persuaded them. This horrible operation was performed upon us; the Imam anointed us with the same balm that is used for children who have just been circumcised; we were all at the point of death. Scarcely had the Janizaries finished the meal we had supplied when the Russians arrived in flat-bottomed boats; not a Janizary escaped. The Russians paid no attention to the state we were in. There are French doctors everywhere; one of them who was very skilful, took care of us; he healed us and I shall remember all my life that, when my wounds were cured, he made propositions to me. For the rest, he told us all to cheer up; he told us that the same thing had happened in several sieges and that it was a law of war. As soon as my companions could walk they were sent to Moscow. I fell to the lot of a Boyar who made me his gardener and gave me twenty lashes a day. But at the end of two years this lord was broken on the wheel with thirty other Boyars owing to some court disturbance, and I profited by this adventure; I fled; I crossed all Russia; for a long time I was servant in an inn at Riga, then at Rostock, at Wismar, at Leipzig, at Cassel, at Utrecht, at Leyden, at the Hague, at Rotterdam; I have grown old in misery and in shame, with only half a backside, always remembering that I was the daughter of a Pope; a hundred times I wanted to kill myself but I

still loved life. This ridiculous weakness is perhaps the most disastrous of our inclinations; for is there anything sillier than to desire to bear continually a burden one always wishes to throw on the ground; to look upon oneself with horror and yet to cling to oneself; in short, to caress the serpent which devours us until he has eaten our heart? In the countries it has been my fate to traverse and in the inns where I have served I have seen a prodigious number of people who hated their lives; but I have only seen twelve who voluntarily put an end to their misery: three negroes, four Englishmen, four Genevans and a German professor named Robeck. I ended up as servant to the Jew, Don Issachar; he placed me in your service, my fair young lady; I attached myself to your fate and have been more occupied with your adventures than with my own. I should never even have spoken of my misfortunes, if you had not piqued me a little and if it had not been the custom on board ship to tell stories to pass the time. In short, Mademoiselle, I have had experience, I know the world; provide yourself with an entertainment, make each passenger tell you his story; and if there is one who has not often cursed his life, who has not often said to himself that he was the most unfortunate of men, throw me head-first into the sea."

CHAPTER XIII

HOW CANDIDE WAS OBLIGED TO SEPARATE FROM THE FAIR CUNEGONDE AND THE OLD WOMAN

THE fair Cunegonde, having heard the old woman's story, treated her with all the politeness due to a person of her rank and merit. She accepted the proposition and persuaded all the passengers one after the other to tell her their adventures. She and Candide admitted that the old woman was right. "It was most unfortunate," said Candide, "that the wise Pangloss was hanged contrary to custom at an *auto-da-fé;* he would have said admirable things about the physical and moral evils which cover the earth and the sea, and I should feel myself strong enough to urge a few objections with all due respect." While each of the passengers was telling his story the ship proceeded on its way. They arrived at Buenos Ayres. Cunegonde, Captain Candide and the old woman went to call on the governor, Don Fernando d'Ibaraa y Figueora y Mascarenes y Lampourdos y Souza. This gentleman had the pride befitting a man who owned so many names. He talked to men with a most noble disdain, turning his nose up so far, raising his

voice so pitilessly, assuming so imposing a tone, affecting so lofty a carriage, that all who addressed him were tempted to give him a thrashing. He had a furious passion for women. Cunegonde seemed to him the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. The first thing he did was to ask if she were the Captain's wife. The air with which he asked this question alarmed Candide; he did not dare say that she was his wife, because as a matter of fact she was not; he dared not say she was his sister, because she was not that either; and though this official lie was formerly extremely fashionable among the ancients, and might be useful to the moderns, his soul was too pure to depart from truth. "Mademoiselle Cunegonde," said he, "is about to do me the honour of marrying me, and we beg your excellency to be present at the wedding." Don Fernando d'Ibaraa y Figueora y Mascarenes y Lampourdos y Souza twisted his moustache, smiled bitterly and ordered Captain Candide to go and inspect his company. Candide obeyed; the governor remained with Mademoiselle Cunegonde. He declared his passion, vowed that the next day he would marry her publicly, or otherwise, as it might please her charms. Cunegonde asked for a quarter of an hour to collect herself, to consult the old woman and to make up her mind. The old woman said to Cunegonde: "You have seventy-two quarterings and you haven't a shilling;

it is in your power to be the wife of the greatest Lord in South America, who has an exceedingly fine moustache; is it for you to pride yourself on a rigid fidelity? You have been raped by Bulgarians, a Jew and an Inquisitor have enjoyed your good graces; misfortunes confer certain rights. If I were in your place, I confess I should not have the least scruple in marrying the governor and making Captain Candide's fortune." While the old woman was speaking with all that prudence which comes from age and experience, they saw a small ship come into the harbour; an Alcayde and some Alguazils were on board, and this is what had happened. The old woman had guessed correctly that it was a long-sleeved monk who stole Cunegonde's money and jewels at Badajoz, when she was flying in all haste with Candide. The monk tried to sell some of the gems to a jeweller. The merchant recognised them as the property of the Grand Inquisitor. Before the monk was hanged he confessed that he had stolen them; he described the persons and the direction they were taking. The flight of Cunegonde and Candide was already known. They were followed to Cadiz; without any waste of time a vessel was sent in pursuit of them. The vessel was already in the harbour at Buenos Ayres. The rumour spread that an Alcayde was about to land and that he was in pursuit of the murderers of His Lordship the Grand Inquisitor. The prudent old woman saw

in a moment what was to be done. "You cannot escape," she said to Cunegonde, "and you have nothing to fear; you did not kill His Lordship; moreover, the governor is in love with you and will not allow you to be maltreated; stay here." She ran to Candide at once. "Fly," said she, "or in an hour's time you will be burned." There was not a moment to lose; but how could he leave Cunegonde and where could he take refuge?

CHAPTER XIV

HOW CANDIDE AND CACAMBO WERE RECEIVED BY THE JESUITS IN PARAGUAY

CANDIDE had brought from Cadiz a valet of a sort which is very common on the coasts of Spain and in colonies. He was one-quarter Spanish, the child of a half-breed in Tucuman; he had been a choir-boy, a sacristan, a sailor, a monk, a postman, a soldier and a lackey. His name was Cacambo and he loved his master because his master was a very good man. He saddled the two Andalusian horses with all speed. "Come, master, we must follow the old woman's advice; let us be off and ride without looking behind us." Candide shed tears. "O my dear Cunegonde! Must I abandon you just when the governor was about to marry us! Cunegonde, brought here from such a distant land, what will become of you?" "She will become what she can," said Cacambo. "Women never trouble about themselves; God will see to her; Let us be off." "Where are you taking me? Where are we going? What shall we do without Cunegonde?" said Candide. "By St. James of Compostella," said Cacambo, "you were going to fight the

Jesuits; let us go and fight for them; I know the roads, I will take you to their kingdom, they will be charmed to have a captain who can drill in the Bulgarian fashion; you will make a prodigious fortune; when a man fails in one world, he succeeds in another. 'Tis a very great pleasure to see and do new things." "Then you have been in Paraguay?" said Candide. "Yes, indeed," said Cacambo. "I was servitor in the College of the Assumption, and I know the government of *Los Padres* as well as I know the streets of Cadiz. Their government is a most admirable thing. The kingdom is already more than three hundred leagues in diameter and is divided into thirty provinces. *Los Padres* have everything and the people have nothing; 'tis the masterpiece of reason and justice. For my part, I know nothing so divine as *Los Padres* who here make war on the Kings of Spain and Portugal and in Europe act as their confessors; who here kill Spaniards and at Madrid send them to Heaven; all this delights me; come on; you will be the happiest of men. What a pleasure it will be to *Los Padres* when they know there is coming to them a captain who can drill in the Bulgarian manner!" As soon as they reached the first barrier, Cacambo told the picket that a captain wished to speak to the Commandant. This information was carried to the main guard. A Paraguayan officer ran to the feet of the Commandant to tell him the

news. Candide and Cacambo were disarmed and their two Andalusian horses were taken from them. The two strangers were brought in between two ranks of soldiers; the Commandant was at the end, with a three-cornered hat on his head, his gown tucked up, a sword at his side and a spontoon in his hand. He made a sign and immediately the two new-comers were surrounded by twenty-four soldiers. A sergeant told them that they must wait, that the Commandant could not speak to them, that the reverend provincial father did not allow any Spaniard to open his mouth in his presence or to remain more than three hours in the country. "And where is the reverend provincial father?" said Cacambo. "He is on parade after having said Mass, and you will have to wait three hours before you will be allowed to kiss his spurs." "But," said Cacambo, "the captain who is dying of hunger just as I am, is not a Spaniard but a German; can we not break our fast while we are waiting for his reverence?" The sergeant went at once to inform the Commandant of this. "Blessed be God!" said that lord. "Since he is a German I can speak to him; bring him to my arbour." Candide was immediately taken to a leafy summer-house decorated with a very pretty colonnade of green marble and gold, and lattices enclosing parrots, humming-birds, colibris, guinea-hens and many other rare birds. An excellent breakfast stood ready in gold dishes; and while the

Paraguayans were eating maize from wooden bowls, out of doors and in the heat of the sun, the reverend father Commandant entered the arbour. He was a very handsome young man, with a full face, a fairly white skin, red cheeks, arched eyebrows, keen eyes, red ears, vermilion lips, a haughty air, but a haughtiness which was neither that of a Spaniard nor of a Jesuit. Candide and Cacambo were given back the arms which had been taken from them and their two Andalusian horses; Cacambo fed them with oats near the arbour, and kept his eye on them for fear of a surprise. Candide first kissed the hem of the Commandant's gown and then they sat down to table. "So you are a German?" said the Jesuit in that language. "Yes, reverend father," said Candide. As they spoke these words they gazed at each other with extreme surprise and an emotion they could not control. "And what part of Germany do you come from?" said the Jesuit. "From the filthy province of Westphalia," said Candide; "I was born in the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh." "Heavens! Is it possible!" cried the Commandant. "What a miracle!" cried Candide. "Can it be you?" said the Commandant. " 'Tis impossible!" said Candide. They both fell over backwards, embraced and shed rivers of tears. "What! Can it be you, reverend father? You, the fair Cunegonde's brother! You, who were killed by the Bulgarians! You, the son of My Lord the Baron! You, a Jesuit

in Paraguay! The world is indeed a strange place! O Pangloss! Pangloss! How happy you would have been if you had not been hanged!" The Commandant sent away the negro slaves and the Paraguayans who were serving wine in goblets of rock-crystal. A thousand times did he thank God and St. Ignatius; he clasped Candide in his arms; their faces were wet with tears. "You would be still more surprised, more touched, more beside yourself," said Candide, "If I were to tell you that Mademoiselle Cunegonde, your sister, whom you thought disembowelled, is in the best of health." "Where?" "In your neighbourhood, with the governor of Buenos Ayres; and I came to make war on you." Every word they spoke in this long conversation piled marvel on marvel. Their whole souls flew from their tongues, listened in their ears and sparkled in their eyes. As they were Germans, they sat at table for a long time, waiting for the reverend provincial father; and the Commandant spoke as follows to his dear Candide.

CHAPTER XV

HOW CANDIDE KILLED HIS DEAR CUNEGONDE'S BROTHER

"I SHALL remember all my life the horrible day when I saw my father and mother killed and my sister raped. When the Bulgarians had gone, my adorable sister could not be found, and my mother, my father and I, two maid-servants and three little murdered boys were placed in a cart to be buried in a Jesuit chapel two leagues from the castle of my fathers. A Jesuit sprinkled us with holy water; it was horribly salt; a few drops fell in my eyes; the father noticed that my eyelids trembled, he put his hand on my heart and felt that it was still beating; I was attended to and at the end of three weeks was as well as if nothing had happened. You know, my dear Candide, that I was a very pretty youth, and I became still prettier; and so the Reverend Father Croust, the Superior of the house, was inspired with a most tender friendship for me; he gave me the dress of a novice and some time afterwards I was sent to Rome. The Father General wished to recruit some young German Jesuits. The sovereigns of Paraguay take as few Spanish Jesuits as they can; they prefer

foreigners, whom they think they can control better. The Reverend Father General thought me apt to labour in his vineyard. I set off with a Pole and a Tyrolese. When I arrived I was honoured with a sub-deaconship and a lieutenancy; I am now colonel and priest. We shall give the King of Spain's troops a warm reception; I guarantee they will be excommunicated and beaten. Providence has sent you to help us. But is it really true that my dear sister Cunegonde is in the neighbourhood with the governor of Buenos Ayres?" Candide assured him on oath that nothing could be truer. Their tears began to flow once more. The Baron seemed never to grow tired of embracing Candide; he called him his brother, his saviour. "Ah! My dear Candide," said he, "perhaps we shall enter the town together as conquerors and regain my sister Cunegonde." "I desire it above all things," said Candide, "for I meant to marry her and I still hope to do so." "You, insolent wretch!" replied the Baron. "Would you have the impudence to marry my sister who has seventy-two quarterings! I consider you extremely impudent to dare to speak to me of such a fool-hardy intention!" Candide, petrified at this speech, replied: "Reverend Father, all the quarterings in the world are of no importance; I rescued your sister from the arms of a Jew and an Inquisitor; she is under considerable obligation to me and wishes to marry me. Dr. Pangloss always said

that men are equal and I shall certainly marry her." "We shall see about that, scoundrel!" said the Jesuit Baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, at the same time hitting him violently in the face with the flat of his sword. Candide promptly drew his own and stuck it up to the hilt in the Jesuit Baron's belly; but, as he drew it forth smoking, he began to weep. "Alas! My God," said he, "I have killed my old master, my friend, my brother-in-law; I am the mildest man in the world and I have already killed three men, two of them priests." Cacambo, who was acting as sentry at the door of the arbour, ran in. "There is nothing left for us but to sell our lives dearly," said his master. "Somebody will certainly come into the arbour and we must die weapon in hand." Cacambo, who had seen this sort of thing before, did not lose his head; he took off the Baron's Jesuit gown, put it on Candide, gave him the dead man's square bonnet, and made him mount a horse. All this was done in the twinkling of an eye. "Let us gallop, master; every one will take you for a Jesuit carrying orders and we shall have passed the frontiers before they can pursue us." As he spoke these words he started off at full speed and shouted in Spanish: "Way, way for the Reverend Father Colonel . . ."

CHAPTER XVI

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE TWO TRAVELLERS WITH TWO GIRLS, TWO MONKEYS, AND THE SAVAGES CALLED OREILLONS

CANDIDE and his valet were past the barriers before anybody in the camp knew of the death of the German Jesuit. The vigilant Cacambo had taken care to fill his saddle-bag with bread, chocolate, ham, fruit, and several bottles of wine. On their Andalusian horses they plunged into an unknown country where they found no road. At last a beautiful plain traversed by streams met their eyes. Our two travellers put their horses to grass. Cacambo suggested to his master that they should eat and set the example. "How can you expect me to eat ham," said Candide, "when I have killed the son of My Lord the Baron and find myself condemned never to see the fair Cunegonde again in my life? What is the use of prolonging my miserable days since I must drag them out far from her in remorse and despair? And what will the Journal de Trévoux say?" Speaking thus, he began to eat. The sun was setting. The two wanderers heard

faint cries which seemed to be uttered by women. They could not tell whether these were cries of pain or of joy; but they rose hastily with that alarm and uneasiness caused by everything in an unknown country. These cries came from two completely naked girls who were running gently along the edge of the plain, while two monkeys pursued them and bit their buttocks. Candide was moved to pity; he had learned to shoot among the Bulgarians and could have brought down a nut from a tree without touching the leaves. He raised his double-barrelled Spanish gun, fired, and killed the two monkeys. "God be praised, my dear Cacambo, I have delivered these two poor creatures from a great danger; if I committed a sin by killing an Inquisitor and a Jesuit, I have atoned for it by saving the lives of these two girls. Perhaps they are young ladies of quality and this adventure may be of great advantage to us in this country." He was going on, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth when he saw the two girls tenderly kissing the two monkeys, shedding tears on their bodies and filling the air with the most piteous cries. "I did not expect so much human kindliness," he said at last to Cacambo, who replied: "You have performed a wonderful masterpiece; you have killed the two lovers of these young ladies." "Their lovers! Can it be possible? You are jesting at me, Cacambo; how can I believe you?" "My dear master," replied

Cacambo, "you are always surprised by everything; why should you think it so strange that in some countries there should be monkeys who obtain ladies' favours? They are quarter men, as I am a quarter Spaniard." "Alas!" replied Candide, "I remember to have heard Dr. Pangloss say that similar accidents occurred in the past and that these mixtures produce Aigypans, fauns and satyrs; that several eminent persons of antiquity have seen them; but I thought they were fables." "You ought now to be convinced that it is true," said Cacambo, "and you see how people behave when they have not received a proper education; the only thing I fear is that these ladies may get us into difficulty." These wise reflections persuaded Candide to leave the plain and to plunge into the woods. He ate supper there with Cacambo and, after having cursed the Inquisitor of Portugal, the governor of Buenos Ayres and the Baron, they went to sleep on the moss. When they woke up they found they could not move; the reason was that during the night the Oreillons, the inhabitants of the country, to whom they had been denounced by the two ladies, had bound them with ropes made of bark. They were surrounded by fifty naked Oreillons, armed with arrows, clubs and stone hatchets. Some were boiling a large cauldron, others were preparing spits and they were all shouting: "Here's a Jesuit,

here's a Jesuit! We shall be revenged and have a good dinner; let us eat the Jesuit, let us eat the Jesuit!" "I told you so, my dear master," said Cacambo sadly. "I knew those two girls would play us a dirty trick." Candide perceived the cauldron and the spits and exclaimed: "We are certainly going to be roasted or boiled. Ah! What would Dr. Pangloss say if he saw what the pure state of nature is? All is well, granted; but I confess it is very cruel to have lost Mademoiselle Cunegonde and to be spitted by the Oreillons." Cacambo never lost his head. "Do not despair," he said to the wretched Candide. "I understand a little of their dialect and I will speak to them." "Do not fail," said Candide, "to point out to them the dreadful inhumanity of cooking men and how very unchristian it is." "Gentlemen," said Cacambo, "you mean to eat a Jesuit to-day? 'Tis a good deed; nothing could be more just than to treat one's enemies in this fashion. Indeed the law of nature teaches us to kill our neighbour and this is how people behave all over the world. If we do not exert the right of eating our neighbour, it is because we have other means of making good cheer; but you have not the same resources as we, and it is certainly better to eat our enemies than to abandon the fruits of victory to ravens and crows. But, gentlemen, you would not wish to eat your friends. You believe you

are about to place a Jesuit on the spit, and 'tis your defender, the enemy of your enemies you are about to roast. I was born in your country; the gentleman you see here is my master and, far from being a Jesuit, he has just killed a Jesuit and is wearing his clothes; which is the cause of your mistake. To verify what I say, take his gown, carry it to the first barrier of the kingdom of *Los Padres* and inquire whether my master has not killed a Jesuit officer. It will not take you long and you will have plenty of time to eat us if you find I have lied. But if I have told the truth, you are too well acquainted with the principles of public law, good morals and discipline, not to pardon us." The Oreillons thought this a very reasonable speech; they deputed two of their notables to go with all diligence and find out the truth. The two deputies acquitted themselves of their task like intelligent men and soon returned with the good news. The Oreillons unbound their two prisoners, overwhelmed them with civilities, offered them girls, gave them refreshment, and accompanied them to the frontiers of their dominions, shouting joyfully: "He is not a Jesuit, he is not a Jesuit!" Candide could not cease from wondering at the cause of his deliverance. "What a nation," said he. "What men! What manners! If I had not been so lucky as to stick my sword through the body of Mademoiselle Cunegonde's brother I should infallibly have been eaten.

But, after all, there is something good in the pure state of nature, since these people, instead of eating me, offered me a thousand civilities as soon as they knew I was not a Jesuit."

CHAPTER XVII

ARRIVAL OF CANDIDE AND HIS VALET IN THE COUNTRY OF ELDORADO AND WHAT THEY SAW THERE

When they reached the frontiers of the Oreillons, Cacambo said to Candide: "You see this hemisphere is no better than the other; take my advice, let us go back to Europe by the shortest road." "How can we go back," said Candide, "and where can we go? If I go to my own country, the Bulgarians and the Abares are murdering everybody; if I return to Portugal I shall be burned; if we stay here, we run the risk of being spitted at any moment. But how can I make up my mind to leave that part of the world where Mademoiselle Cunegonde is living?" "Let us go to Cayenne," said Cacambo, "we shall find Frenchmen there, for they go all over the world; they might help us. Perhaps God will have pity on us." It was not easy to go to Cayenne. They knew roughly the direction to take, but mountains, rivers, precipices, brigands and savages were everywhere terrible obstacles. Their horses died of fatigue; their provisions were exhausted; for a whole month they lived on wild fruits and at last found

themselves near a little river fringed with cocoanut-trees which supported their lives and their hopes. Cacambo, who always gave advice as prudent as the old woman's, said to Candide: "We can go no farther, we have walked far enough; I can see an empty canoe in the bank, let us fill it with cocoanuts, get into the little boat and drift with the current; a river always leads to some inhabited place. If we do not find anything pleasant, we shall at least find something new." "Come on then," said Candide, "and let us trust to Providence." They drifted for some leagues between banks which were sometimes flowery, sometimes bare, sometimes flat, sometimes steep. The river continually became wider; finally it disappeared under an arch of frightful rocks which towered up to the very sky. The two travellers were bold enough to trust themselves to the current under this arch. The stream, narrowed between walls, carried them with horrible rapidity and noise. After twenty-four hours they saw daylight again; but their canoe was wrecked on reefs; they had to crawl from rock to rock for a whole league and at last they discovered an immense horizon, bordered by inaccessible mountains. The country was cultivated for pleasure as well as for necessity; everywhere the useful was agreeable. The roads were covered or rather ornamented with carriages of brilliant material and shape, carrying men and women of singular

beauty, who were rapidly drawn along by large red sheep whose swiftness surpassed that of the finest horses of Andalusia, Tetuan, and Mequinez. "This country," said Candide, "is better than Westphalia." He landed with Cacambo near the first village he came to. Several children of the village, dressed in torn gold brocade, were playing quoits outside the village. Our two men from the other world amused themselves by looking on; their quoits were large round pieces, yellow, red and green which shone with peculiar lustre. The travellers were curious enough to pick up some of them; they were of gold, emeralds and rubies, the least of which would have been the greatest ornament in the Mogul's throne. "No doubt," said Cacambo, "these children are the sons of the King of this country playing at quoits." At that moment the village schoolmaster appeared to call them into school. "This," said Candide, "is the tutor of the Royal Family." The little beggars immediately left their game, abandoning their quoits and everything with which they had been playing. Candide picked them up, ran to the tutor, and presented them to him humbly, giving him to understand by signs that their Royal Highnesses had forgotten their gold and their precious stones. The village schoolmaster smiled, threw them on the ground, gazed for a moment at Candide's face with much surprise and continued on his way. The trav-

ellers did not fail to pick up the gold, the rubies and the emeralds. "Where are we?" cried Candide. "The children of the King must be well brought up, since they are taught to despise gold and precious stones." Cacambo was as much surprised as Candide. At last they reached the first house in the village, which was built like a European palace. There were crowds of people round the door and still more inside; very pleasant music could be heard and there was a delicious smell of cooking. Cacambo went up to the door and heard them speaking Peruvian; it was his maternal tongue, for everyone knows that Cacambo was born in a village of Tucuman where nothing else is spoken. "I will act as your interpreter," he said to Candide, "this is an inn, let us enter." Immediately two boys and two girls of the inn, dressed in cloth of gold, whose hair was bound up with ribbons, invited them to sit down to the table d'hôte. They served four soups each garnished with two parrots, a boiled condor which weighed two hundred pounds, two roast monkeys of excellent flavour, three hundred colibris in one dish and six hundred humming-birds in another, exquisite ragouts and delicious pastries, all in dishes of a sort of rock-crystal. The boys and girls brought several sorts of drinks made of sugar-cane. Most of the guests were merchants and coachmen, all extremely polite, who asked Cacambo a few questions

with the most delicate discretion and answered his in a satisfactory manner. When the meal was over, Cacambo, like Candide, thought he could pay the reckoning by throwing on the table two of the large pieces of gold he had picked up; the host and hostess laughed until they had to hold their sides. At last they recovered themselves. "Gentlemen," said the host, "we perceive you are strangers; we are not accustomed to seeing them. Forgive us if we began to laugh when you offered us in payment the stones from our highways. No doubt you have none of the money of this country, but you do not need any to dine here. All the hotels established for the utility of commerce are paid for by the government. You have been ill-entertained here because this is a poor village; but everywhere else you will be received as you deserve to be." Cacambo explained to Candide all that the host had said, and Candide listened in the same admiration and disorder with which his friend Cacambo interpreted. "What can this country be," they said to each other, "which is unknown to the rest of the world and where all nature is so different from ours? Probably it is the country where everything is for the best; for there must be one country of that sort. And, in spite of what Dr. Pangloss said, I often noticed that everything went very ill in Westphalia."

CHAPTER XVIII

WHAT THEY SAW IN THE LAND OF ELDORADO

Cacambo informed the host of his curiosity, and the host said: "I am a very ignorant man and am all the better for it; but we have here an old man who has retired from the court and who is the most learned and most communicative man in the kingdom." And he at once took Cacambo to the old man. Candide now played only the second part and accompanied his valet. They entered a very simple house, for the door was only of silver and the panelling of the apartments in gold, but so tastefully carved that the richest decorations did not surpass it. The antechamber indeed was only encrusted with rubies and emeralds; but the order with which everything was arranged atoned for this extreme simplicity. The old man received the two strangers on a sofa padded with colibri feathers, and presented them with drinks in diamond cups; after which he satisfied their curiosity in these words: "I am a hundred and seventy-two years old and I heard from my late father, the King's equerry, the astonishing revolutions of Peru of which he had been an eye-

witness. The kingdom where we now are is the ancient country of the Incas, who most imprudently left it to conquer part of the world and were at last destroyed by the Spaniards. The princes of their family who remained in their native country had more wisdom; with the consent of the nation, they ordered that no inhabitants should ever leave our little kingdom, and this it is that has preserved our innocence and our felicity. The Spaniards had some vague knowledge of this country, which they called Eldorado, and about a hundred years ago an Englishman named Raleigh came very near to it; but, since we are surrounded by inaccessible rocks and precipices, we have hitherto been exempt from the rapacity of the nations of Europe who have an inconceivable lust for the pebbles and mud of our land and would kill us to the last man to get possession of them." The conversation was long; it touched upon the form of the government, manners, women, public spectacles and the arts. Finally Candide, who was always interested in metaphysics, asked through Cacambo whether the country had a religion. The old man blushed a little. "How can you doubt it?" said he. "Do you think we are ingrates?" Cacambo humbly asked what was the religion of Eldorado. The old man blushed again. "Can there be two religions?" said he. "We have, I think, the religion of every one else; we adore

God from evening until morning." "Do you adore only one God?" said Cacambo, who continued to act as the interpreter of Candide's doubts. "Manifestly," said the old man, "there are not two or three or four. I must confess that the people of your world ask very extraordinary questions." Candide continued to press the old man with questions; he wished to know how they prayed to God in Eldorado. "We do not pray," said the good and respectable sage, "we have nothing to ask from him; he has given us everything necessary and we continually give him thanks." Candide was curious to see the priests; and asked where they were. The good old man smiled. "My friends," said he, "we are all priests; the King and all the heads of families solemnly sing praises every morning, accompanied by five or six thousand musicians." "What! Have you no monks to teach, to dispute, to govern, to intrigue and to burn people who do not agree with them?" "For that, we should have to become fools," said the old man; "here we are all of the same opinion and do not understand what you mean with your monks." At all this Candide was in an ecstasy and said to himself: "This is very different from Westphalia and the castle of His Lordship the Baron; if our friend Pangloss had seen Eldorado, he would not have said that the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh was the best of all that exists

on the earth; certainly, a man should travel." After this long conversation the good old man ordered a carriage to be harnessed with six sheep and gave the two travellers twelve of his servants to take them to court. "You will excuse me," he said, "if my age deprives me of the honour of accompanying you. The King will receive you in a manner which will not displease you and doubtless you will pardon the customs of the country if any of them disconcert you." Candide and Cacambo entered the carriage; the six sheep galloped off and in less than four hours they reached the King's palace, which was situated at one end of the capital. The portal was two hundred and twenty feet high and a hundred feet wide; it is impossible to describe its material. Anyone can see the prodigious superiority it must have over the pebbles and sand we call *gold* and *gems*. Twenty beautiful maidens of the guard received Candide and Cacambo as they alighted from the carriage, conducted them to the baths and dressed them in robes woven from the down of colibris; after which the principal male and female officers of the Crown led them to his Majesty's apartment through two files of a thousand musicians each, according to the usual custom. As they approached the throne-room, Cacambo asked one of the chief officers how they should behave in his Majesty's presence; whether they should fall on their knees or

flat on their faces, whether they should put their hands on their heads or on their backsides; whether they should lick the dust of the throne-room; in a word, what was the ceremony? "The custom," said the chief officer, "is to embrace the King and to kiss him on either cheek." Candide and Cacambo threw their arms round his Majesty's neck; he received them with all imaginable favour and politely asked them to supper. Meanwhile they were carried to see the town, the public buildings rising to the very skies, the market-places ornamented with thousands of columns, the fountains of rose-water and of liquors distilled from sugar-cane, which played continually in the public squares paved with precious stones which emitted a perfume like that of cloves and cinnamon. Candide asked to see the law courts; he was told there were none, and that nobody ever went to law. He asked if there were prisons and was told there were none. He was still more surprised and pleased by the palace of sciences, where he saw a gallery two thousand feet long, filled with instruments of mathematics and physics. After they had explored all the afternoon about a thousandth part of the town, they were taken back to the King. Candide sat down to table with his Majesty, his valet Cacambo and several ladies. Never was better cheer, and never was anyone wittier at supper than his Majesty. Cacambo explained

the King's witty remarks to Candide and even when translated they still appeared witty. Among all the things which amazed Candide, this did not amaze him the least. They enjoyed this hospitality for a month. Candide repeatedly said to Cacambo: "Once again, my friend, it is quite true that the castle where I was born cannot be compared with this country; but then Mademoiselle Cunegonde is not here and you probably have a mistress in Europe. If we remain here, we shall only be like everyone else; but if we return to our own world with only twelve sheep laden with Eldorado pebbles, we shall be richer than all the kings put together; we shall have no more Inquisitors to fear and we can easily regain Mademoiselle Cunegonde." Cacambo agreed with this; it is so pleasant to be on the move, to show off before friends, to make a parade of the things seen on one's travels, that these two happy men resolved to be so no longer and to ask his Majesty's permission to depart. "You are doing a very silly thing," said the King. "I know my country is small; but when we are comfortable anywhere we should stay there; I certainly have not the right to detain foreigners, that is a tyranny which does not exist either in our manners or our laws; all men are free, leave when you please, but the way out is very difficult. It is impossible to ascend the rapid river by which you miraculously came here and

which flows under arches of rock. The mountains which surround the whole of my kingdom are ten thousand feet high and are perpendicular like walls; they are more than ten leagues broad, and you can only get down from them by way of precipices. However, since you must go, I will give orders to the directors of machinery to make a machine which will carry you comfortably. When you have been taken to the other side of the mountains, nobody can proceed any farther with you; for my subjects have sworn never to pass this boundary and they are too wise to break their oath. Ask anything else of me you wish." "We ask nothing of your Majesty," said Cacambo, "except a few sheep laden with provisions, pebbles and the mud of this country." The King laughed. "I cannot understand," said he, "the taste you people of Europe have for our yellow mud; but take as much as you wish, and much good may it do you." He immediately ordered his engineers to make a machine to hoist these two extraordinary men out of his kingdom. Three thousand learned scientists worked at it; it was ready in a fortnight and only cost about twenty million pounds sterling in the money of that country. Candide and Cacambo were placed on the machine; there were two large red sheep saddled and bridled for them to ride on when they had passed the mountains, twenty sumpter sheep laden with provisions,

thirty carrying presents of the most curious productions of the country and fifty laden with gold, precious stones and diamonds. The King embraced the two vagabonds tenderly. Their departure was a splendid sight and so was the ingenious manner in which they and their sheep were hoisted on to the top of the mountains. The scientists took leave of them after having landed them safely, and Candide's only desire and object was to go and present Mademoiselle Cunegonde with his sheep. "We have sufficient to pay the governor of Buenos Ayres," said he, "if Mademoiselle Cunegonde can be bought. Let us go to Cayenne, and take ship, and then we will see what kingdom we will buy."

CHAPTER XIX

WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM AT SURINAM AND HOW CANDIDE MADE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF MARTIN

Our two travellers' first day was quite pleasant. They were encouraged by the idea of possessing more treasures than all Asia, Europe and Africa could collect. Candide in transport carved the name of Cunegonde on the trees. On the second day two of the sheep stuck in a marsh and were swallowed up with their loads; two other sheep died of fatigue a few days later; then seven or eight died of hunger in a desert; several days afterwards others fell off precipices. Finally, after they had travelled for a hundred days, they had only two sheep left. Candide said to Cacambo: "My friend, you see how perishable are the riches of this world; nothing is steadfast but virtue and the happiness of seeing Mademoiselle Cunegonde again." "I admit it," said Cacambo, "but we still have two sheep with more treasures than ever the King of Spain will have, and in the distance I see a town I suspect is Surinam, which belongs to the Dutch. We are at the end of

our troubles and the beginning of our happiness." As they drew near the town they came upon a negro lying on the ground wearing only half his clothes, that is to say, a pair of blue cotton drawers; this poor man had no left leg and no right hand. "Good heavens!" said Candide to him in Dutch, "what are you doing there, my friend, in that horrible state?" "I am waiting for my master, the famous merchant Monsieur Vanderdendur." "Was it Monsieur Vanderdendur," said Candide, "who treated you in that way?" "Yes, sir," said the negro, "it is the custom. We are given a pair of cotton drawers twice a year as clothing. When we work in the sugar-mills and the grindstone catches our fingers, they cut off the hand; when we try to run away, they cut off a leg. Both these things happened to me. This is the price paid for the sugar you eat in Europe. But when my mother sold me for ten patagons on the coast of Guinea, she said to me: 'My dear child, give thanks to our fetishes, always worship them, and they will make you happy; you have the honour to be a slave of our lords the white men and thereby you have made the fortune of your father and mother.' Alas! I do not know whether I made their fortune, but they certainly did not make mine. Dogs, monkeys and parrots are a thousand times less miserable than we are; the Dutch fetishes who converted me tell me that we are all of us, whites and blacks, the chil-

dren of Adam. I am not a genealogist, but if these preachers tell the truth, we are all second cousins. Now, you will admit that no one could treat his relatives in a more horrible way." "O Pangloss!" cried Candide. "This is an abomination you had not guessed; this is too much, in the end I shall have to renounce optimism." "What is optimism?" said Cacambo. "Alas!" said Candide, "it is the mania of maintaining that everything is well when we are wretched." And he shed tears as he looked at his negro; and he entered Surinam weeping. The first thing they inquired was whether there was any ship in the port which could be sent to Buenos Ayres. The person they addressed happened to be a Spanish captain, who offered to strike an honest bargain with them. He arranged to meet them at an inn. Candide and the faithful Cacambo went and waited for him with their two sheep. Candide, who blurted everything out, told the Spaniard all his adventures and confessed that he wanted to elope with Mademoiselle Cunegonde. "I shall certainly not take you to Buenos Ayres," said the captain. "I should be hanged and you would, too. The fair Cunegonde is his Lordship's favourite mistress." Candide was thunderstruck; he sobbed for a long time; then he took Cacambo aside. "My dear friend," said he, "this is what you must do. We have each of us in our pockets five or six millions worth of diamonds; you

are more skilful than I am; go to Buenos Ayres and get Mademoiselle Cunegonde. If the governor makes any difficulties give him a million; if he is still obstinate give him two; you have not killed an Inquisitor so they will not suspect you. I will fit out another ship, I will go and wait for you at Venice; it is a free country where there is nothing to fear from Bulgarians, Abares, Jews or Inquisitors." Cacambo applauded this wise resolution; he was in despair at leaving a good master who had become his intimate friend; but the pleasure of being useful to him overcame the grief of leaving him. They embraced with tears. Candide urged him not to forget the good old woman. Cacambo set off that very same day; he was a very good man, this Cacambo. Candide remained some time longer at Surinam waiting for another captain to take him to Italy with the two sheep he had left. He engaged servants and bought everything necessary for a long voyage. At last Monsieur Vanderdendur, the owner of a large ship, came to see him. "How much do you want," he asked this man, "to take me straight to Venice with my servants, my baggage and these two sheep?" The captain asked for ten thousand piastres. Candide did not hesitate. "Oh! Ho!" said the prudent Vanderdendur to himself, "this foreigner gives ten thousand piastres immediately! He must be very rich." He returned a moment after-

wards and said he could not sail for less than twenty thousand. "Very well, you shall have them," said Candide. "Whew!" said the merchant to himself, "this man gives twenty thousand piastres as easily as ten thousand." He came back again, and said he could not take him to Venice for less than thirty thousand piastres. "Then you shall have thirty thousand," replied Candide. "Oho!" said the Dutch merchant to himself again, "thirty thousand piastres is nothing to this man; obviously the two sheep are laden with immense treasures; I will not insist any further; first let me make him pay the thirty thousand piastres, and then we will see." Candide sold two little diamonds, the smaller of which was worth more than all the money the captain asked. He paid him in advance. The two sheep were taken on board. Candide followed in a little boat to join the ship which rode at anchor; the captain watched his time, set his sails and weighed anchor; the wind was favourable. Candide, bewildered and stupefied, soon lost sight of him. "Alas!" he cried, "this is a trick worthy of the old world." He returned to shore, in grief; for he had lost enough to make the fortunes of twenty kings. He went to the Dutch judge; and, as he was rather disturbed, he knocked loudly at the door; he went in, related what had happened and talked a little louder than he ought to have done. The judge began by fining him ten thousand

piastres for the noise he had made; he then listened patiently to him, promised to look into his affair as soon as the merchant returned, and charged him another ten thousand piastres for the expenses of the audience. This behaviour reduced Candide to despair; he had indeed endured misfortunes a thousand times more painful; but the calmness of the judge and of the captain who had robbed him, stirred up his bile and plunged him into a black melancholy. The malevolence of men revealed itself to his mind in all its ugliness; he entertained only gloomy ideas. At last a French ship was about to leave for Bordeaux and, since he no longer had any sheep laden with diamonds to put on board, he hired a cabin at a reasonable price and announced throughout the town that he would give the passage, food and two thousand piastres to an honest man who would make the journey with him, on condition that this man was the most unfortunate and the most disgusted with his condition in the whole province. Such a crowd of applicants arrived that a fleet would not have contained them. Candide, wishing to choose among the most likely, picked out twenty persons who seemed reasonably sociable and who all claimed to deserve his preference. He collected them in a tavern and gave them supper, on condition that each took an oath to relate truthfully the story of his life, promising that he would choose the man who seemed

to him the most deserving of pity and to have the most cause for being discontented with his condition, and that he would give the others a little money. The sitting lasted until four o'clock in the morning. As Candide listened to their adventures he remembered what the old woman had said on the voyage to Buenos Ayres and how she had wagered that there was nobody on the boat who had not experienced very great misfortunes. At each story which was told him, he thought of Pangloss. "This Pangloss," said he, "would have some difficulty in supporting his system. I wish he were here. Certainly, if everything is well, it is only in Eldorado and not in the rest of the world." He finally determined in favour of a poor man of letters who had worked ten years for the booksellers at Amsterdam. He judged that there was no occupation in the world which could more disgust a man. This man of letters, who was also a good man, had been robbed by his wife, beaten by his son, and abandoned by his daughter, who had eloped with a Portuguese. He had just been deprived of a small post on which he depended and the preachers of Surinam were persecuting him because they thought he was a Socinian. It must be admitted that the others were at least as unfortunate as he was; but Candide hoped that this learned man would help to pass the time during

the voyage. All his other rivals considered that Candide was doing them a great injustice; but he soothed them down by giving each of them a hundred piastres.

CHAPTER XX

WHAT HAPPENED TO CANDIDE AND MARTIN AT SEA

So the old man, who was called Martin, embarked with Candide for Bordeaux. Both had seen and suffered much; and if the ship had been sailing from Surinam to Japan by way of the Cape of Good Hope they would have been able to discuss moral and physical evil during the whole voyage. However, Candide had one great advantage over Martin, because he still hoped to see Mademoiselle Cunegonde again, and Martin had nothing to hope for; moreover, he possessed gold and diamonds; and, although he had lost a hundred large red sheep laden with the greatest treasures on earth, although he was still enraged at being robbed by the Dutch captain, yet when he thought of what he still had left in his pockets and when he talked of Cunegonde, especially at the end of a meal, he still inclined towards the system of Pangloss. "But what do you think of all this, Martin?" said he to the man of letters. "What is your view of moral and physical evil?" "Sir," replied Martin, "my priests accused me of being a Socinian; but the truth is I am a

Manichæan." "You are poking fun at me," said Candide, "there are no Manichæans left in the world." "I am one," said Martin. "I don't know what to do about it, but I am unable to think in any other fashion." "You must be possessed by the devil," said Candide. "He takes so great a share in the affairs of this world," said Martin, "that he might well be in me, as he is everywhere else; but I confess that when I consider this globe, or rather this globule, I think that God has abandoned it to some evil creature—always excepting Eldorado. I have never seen a town which did not desire the ruin of the next town, never a family which did not wish to exterminate some other family. Everywhere the weak loathe the powerful before whom they cower and the powerful treat them like flocks of sheep whose wool and flesh are to be sold. A million drilled assassins go from one end of Europe to the other murdering and robbing with discipline in order to earn their bread, because there is no honester occupation; and in the towns which seem to enjoy peace and where the arts flourish, men are devoured by more envy, troubles and worries than the afflictions of a besieged town. Secret griefs are even more cruel than public miseries. In a word, I have seen so much and endured so much that I have become a Manichæan." "Yet there is some good," replied Candide. "There may be," said Mar-

tin, "but I do not know it." In the midst of this dispute they heard the sound of cannon. The noise increased every moment. Every one took his telescope. About three miles away they saw two ships engaged in battle; and the wind brought them so near the French ship that they had the pleasure of seeing the fight at their ease. At last one of the two ships fired a broadside so accurately and so low down that the other ship began to sink. Candide and Martin distinctly saw a hundred men on the main deck of the sinking ship; they raised their hands to Heaven and uttered frightful shrieks; in a moment all were engulfed. "Well!" said Martin, "that is how men treat each other." "It is certainly true," said Candide, "that there is something diabolical in this affair." As he was speaking, he saw something of a brilliant red swimming near the ship. They launched a boat to see what it could be; it was one of his sheep. Candide felt more joy at recovering this sheep than grief at losing a hundred all laden with large diamonds from Eldorado. The French captain soon perceived that the captain of the remaining ship was a Spaniard and that the sunken ship was a Dutch pirate; the captain was the very same who had robbed Candide. The immense wealth this scoundrel had stolen was swallowed up with him in the sea and only a sheep was saved. "You see," said Candide to Martin, "that crime is some-

times punished; this scoundrel of a Dutch captain has met the fate he deserved." "Yes," said Martin, "but was it necessary that the other passengers on his ship should perish too? God punished the thief, and the devil punished the others." Meanwhile the French and Spanish ships continued on their way and Candide continued his conversation with Martin. They argued for a fortnight and at the end of the fortnight they had got no further than at the beginning. But after all, they talked, they exchanged ideas, they consoled each other. Candide stroked his sheep. "Since I have found you again," said he, "I may very likely find Cunegonde."

CHAPTER XXI

CANDIDE AND MARTIN APPROACH THE COAST OF FRANCE AND ARGUE

At last they sighted the coast of France. "Have you ever been to France, Monsieur Martin?" said Candide. "Yes," said Martin, "I have traversed several provinces. In some half the inhabitants are crazy, in others they are too artful, in some they are usually quite gentle and stupid, and in others they think they are clever; in all of them the chief occupation is making love, the second scandal-mongering and the third talking nonsense." "But, Monsieur Martin, have you seen Paris?" "Yes, I have seen Paris; it is a mixture of all the species; it is a chaos, a throng where everybody hunts for pleasure and hardly anybody finds it, at least so far as I could see. I did not stay there long; when I arrived there I was robbed of everything I had by pickpockets at Saint-Germain's fair; they thought I was a thief and I spent a week in prison; after which I became a printer's reader to earn enough to return to Holland on foot. I met the scribbling rabble, the intriguing rabble and the fanatical rab-

ble. We hear that there are very polite people in the town; I am glad to think so." "For my part, I have not the least curiosity to see France," said Candide. "You can easily guess that when a man has spent a month in Eldorado he cares to see nothing else in the world but Mademoiselle Cunegonde. I shall go and wait for her at Venice; we will go to Italy by way of France; will you come with me?" "Willingly," said Martin. "They say that Venice is only for the Venetian nobles but that foreigners are nevertheless well received when they have plenty of money; I have none, you have plenty, I will follow you anywhere." "Apropos," said Candide, "do you think the earth was originally a sea, as we are assured by that large book belonging to the captain?" "I don't believe it in the least," said Martin, "any more than all the other whimsies we have been pestered with recently!" "But to what end was this world formed?" said Candide. "To infuriate us," replied Martin. "Are you not very much surprised," continued Candide, "by the love those two girls of the country of the Oreillons had for those two monkeys, whose adventure I told you?" "Not in the least," said Martin. "I see nothing strange in their passion; I have seen so many extraordinary things that nothing seems extraordinary to me." "Do you think," said Candide, "that men have always massacred each other, as they do to-day? Have they

always been liars, cheats, traitors, brigands, weak, flighty, cowardly, envious, gluttonous, drunken, grasping, and vicious, bloody, backbiting, debauched, fanatical, hypocritical and silly?" "Do you think," said Martin, "that sparrow-hawks have always eaten the pigeons they came across?" "Yes, of course," said Candide. "Well," said Martin, "if sparrow-hawks have always possessed the same nature, why should you expect men to change theirs?" "Oh!" said Candide, "there is a great difference; free-will . . ." Arguing thus, they arrived at Bordeaux.

CHAPTER XXII

WHAT HAPPENED TO CANDIDE AND MARTIN IN FRANCE

CANDIDE remained in Bordeaux only long enough to sell a few Eldorado pebbles and to provide himself with a two-seated post-chaise, for he could no longer get on without his philosopher Martin; but he was very much grieved at having to part with his sheep, which he left with the Academy of Sciences at Bordeaux. The Academy offered as the subject for a prize that year the cause of the redness of the sheep's fleece; and the prize was awarded to a learned man in the North, who proved by A plus B minus C divided by Z that the sheep must be red and die of the sheep-pox. However all the travellers Candide met in taverns on the way said to him: "We are going to Paris." This general eagerness at length made him wish to see that capital; it was not far out of the road to Venice. He entered by the Faubourg Saint-Marceau and thought he was in the ugliest village of Westphalia. Candide had scarcely reached his inn when he was attacked by a slight illness caused by fatigue. As he wore an enormous diamond on his finger, and a prodigiously heavy strong-box had been

observed in his train, he immediately had with him two doctors he had not asked for, several intimate friends who would not leave him and two devotees who kept making him broth. Said Martin: "I remember that I was ill too when I first came to Paris; I was very poor; so I had no friends, no devotees, no doctors, and I got well." However, with the aid of medicine and blood-letting, Candide's illness became serious. An inhabitant of the district came and gently asked him for a note payable to bearer in the next world; Candide would have nothing to do with it. The devotees assured him that it was a new fashion; Candide replied that he was not a fashionable man. Martin wanted to throw the inhabitant out the window; the clerk swore that Candide should not be buried; Martin swore that he would bury the clerk if he continued to annoy them. The quarrel became heated; Martin took him by the shoulders and turned him out roughly; this caused a great scandal, and they made an official report on it. Candide got better; and during his convalescence he had very good company to supper with him. They gambled for high stakes. Candide was vastly surprised that he never drew an ace; and Martin was not surprised at all. Among those who did the honours of the town was a little abbé from Périgord, one of those assiduous people who are always alert, always obliging, impudent, fawning, accommodating, always on the look-out for

the arrival of foreigners, ready to tell them all the scandals of the town and to procure them pleasures at any price. This abbé took Candide and Martin to the theatre. A new tragedy was being played. Candide was seated near several wits. This did not prevent his weeping at perfectly played scenes. One of the argumentative bores near him said during an interval: "You have no business to weep, this is a very bad actress, the actor playing with her is still worse, the play is still worse than the actors; the author does not know a word of Arabic and yet the scene is in Arabia; moreover, he is a man who does not believe in innate ideas; to-morrow I will bring you twenty articles written against him." "Sir," said Candide to the abbé, "how many plays have you in France?" "Five or six thousand," he replied. "That's a lot," said Candide, "and how many good ones are there?" "Fifteen or sixteen," replied the other. "That's a lot," said Martin. Candide was greatly pleased with an actress who took the part of Queen Elizabeth in a rather dull tragedy which is sometimes played. "This actress," said he to Martin, "pleases me very much; she looks rather like Mademoiselle Cunegonde; I should be very glad to pay her my respects." The abbé offered to introduce him to her. Candide, brought up in Germany, asked what was the etiquette, and how queens of England were treated in France. "There is a distinction," said the

abbé, "in the provinces we take them to a tavern; in Paris we respect them when they are beautiful and throw them in the public sewer when they are dead." "Queens in the public sewer!" said Candide. "Yes, indeed," said Martin, "the abbé is right; I was in Paris when Mademoiselle Monime departed, as they say, this life; she was refused what people here call the *honours of burial*—that is to say, the honour of rotting with all the beggars of the district in a horrible cemetery; she was buried by herself at the corner of the Rue de Burgoyne; which must have given her extreme pain, for her mind was very lofty." "That was very impolite," said Candide. "What do you expect?" said Martin. "These people are like that. Imagine all possible contradictions and incompatibilities; you will see them in the government, in the law-courts, in the churches and the entertainments of this absurd nation." "Is it true that people are always laughing in Paris?" said Candide. "Yes," said the abbé, "but it is with rage in their hearts, for they complain of everything with roars of laughter and they even commit with laughter the most detestable actions." "Who is that fat pig," said Candide, "who said so much ill of the play I cried at so much and of the actors who gave me so much pleasure?" "He is a living evil," replied the abbé, "who earns his living by abusing all plays and all books; he hates anyone who succeeds, as eunuchs hate those

who enjoy; he is one of the serpents of literature who feed on filth and venom; he is a scribbler." "What do you mean by a scribbler?" said Candide. "A scribbler of periodical sheets," said the abbé. "A Fréron." Candide, Martin and the abbé from Périgord talked in this manner on the stairway as they watched everybody going out after the play. "Although I am most anxious to see Mademoiselle Cunegonde again," said Candide, "I should like to sup with Mademoiselle Clairon, for I thought her admirable." The abbé was not the sort of man to know Mademoiselle Clairon, for she saw only good company. "She is engaged this evening," he said, "but I shall have the honour to take you to the house of a lady of quality, and there you will learn as much of Paris as if you had been here for four years." Candide, who was naturally curious, allowed himself to be taken to the lady's house at the far end of the Faubourg Saint-Honoré; they were playing faro; twelve gloomy punters each held a small hand of cards, the foolish register of their misfortunes. The silence was profound, the punters were pale, the banker was uneasy, and the lady of the house, seated beside this pitiless banker, watched with lynx's eyes every double stake, every seven-and-the-go, with which each player marked his cards; she had them un-marked with severe but polite attention, for fear of losing her customers; the lady called herself

Marquise de Parolignac. Her fifteen-year-old daughter was among the punters and winked to her to let her know the tricks of the poor people who attempted to repair the cruelties of fate. The abbé from Périgord, Candide and Martin entered; nobody rose, nobody greeted them, nobody looked at them; every one was profoundly occupied with the cards. "Her Ladyship, the Baroness of Thunder-ten-tronckh was more civil," said Candide. However the abbé whispered in the ear of the Marquise, who half rose, honoured Candide with a gracious smile and Martin with a most noble nod. Candide was given a seat and a hand of cards, and lost fifty thousand francs in two hands; after which they supped very merrily and everyone was surprised that Candide was not more disturbed by his loss. The lackeys said to each other, in the language of lackeys: "He must be an English Milord." The supper was like most suppers in Paris; first there was a silence and then a noise of indistinguishable words, then jokes, most of which were insipid, false news, false arguments, some politics and a great deal of scandal; there was even some talk of new books. "Have you seen," said the abbé from Périgord, "the novel by Gauchat, the doctor of theology?" "Yes," replied one of the guests, "but I could not finish it. We have a crowd of silly writings, but all of them together do not approach the silliness of Gauchat, doctor of theology. I

am so weary of this immensity of detestable book which inundates us that I have taken to faro." "And what do you say about the *Mélanges* by Archdeacon T.?" said the abbé. "Ah!" said Madame de Paroli-gnac, "the tiresome creature! How carefully he tells you what everybody knows! How heavily he discusses what is not worth the trouble of being lightly mentioned! How witlessly he appropriates other people's wit! How he spoils what he steals! How he disgusts me! But he will not disgust me any more; it is enough to have read a few pages by the Archdeacon." There was a man of learning and taste at table who confirmed what the marchioness had said. They then talked of tragedies; the lady asked why there were tragedies which were sometimes played and yet were unreadable. The man of taste explained very clearly how a play might have some interest and hardly any merit; in a few words he proved that it was not sufficient to bring in one or two of the situations which are found in all novels and which always attract the spectators; but that a writer of tragedies must be original without being bizarre, often sublime and always natural, must know the human heart and be able to give it speech, must be a great poet but not let any character in his play appear to be a poet, must know his language perfectly, speak it with purity, with continual harmony and never allow the sense to be spoilt for the sake of the rhyme. "Any-

one," he added, "who does not observe all these rules may produce one or two tragedies applauded in the theatre, but he will never be ranked among good writers; there are very few good tragedies; some are idylls in well-written and well-rhymed dialogue; some are political arguments which send one to sleep, or repulsive amplifications; others are the dreams of an enthusiast, in a barbarous style, with broken dialogue, long apostrophes to the gods (because he does not know how to speak to men), false maxims and turgid commonplaces." Candide listened attentively to these remarks and conceived a great idea of the speaker; and, as the marchioness had been careful to place him beside her, he leaned over to her ear and took the liberty of asking her who was the man who talked so well. "He is a man of letters," said the lady, "who does not play cards and is sometimes brought here to supper by the abbé; he has a perfect knowledge of tragedies and books and he has written a tragedy which was hissed and a book of which only one copy has ever been seen outside his bookseller's shop and that was one he gave me." "The great man!" said Candide. "He is another Pangloss." Then, turning to him, Candide said: "Sir, no doubt you think that all is for the best in the physical world and in the moral, and that nothing could be otherwise than as it is?" "Sir," replied the man of letters, "I do not think anything of the sort. I think everything

goes awry with us, that nobody knows his rank or his office, nor what he is doing, nor what he ought to do, and that except at supper, which is quite gay and where there appears to be a certain amount of sociability, all the rest of their time is passed in senseless quarrels: Jansenists with Molinists, lawyers with churchmen, men of letters with men of letters, courtiers with courtiers, financiers with the people, wives with husbands, relatives with relatives—'tis an eternal war." Candide replied: "I have seen worse things; but a wise man, who has since had the misfortune to be hanged, taught me that it is all for the best; these are only the shadows in a fair picture." "Your wise man who was hanged was poking fun at the world," said Martin; "and your shadows are horrible stains." "The stains are made by men," said Candide, "and they cannot avoid them." "Then it is not their fault," said Martin. Most of the gamblers, who had not the slightest understanding of this kind of talk, were drinking; Martin argued with the man of letters and Candide told the hostess some of his adventures. After supper the marchioness took Candide into a side room and made him sit down on a sofa. "Well!" said she, "so you are still madly in love with Mademoiselle Cunegonde of Thunder-ten-tronckh?" "Yes, madame," replied Candide. The marchioness replied with a tender smile: "You answer like a young man from Westphalia. A Frenchman

would have said: 'It is true that I was in love with Mademoiselle Cunegonde, but when I see you, madame, I fear lest I should cease to love her.' " "Alas! madame," said Candide, "I will answer as you wish." "Your passion for her," said the marchioness, "began by picking up her handkerchief; I want you to pick up my garter." "With all my heart," said Candide; and he picked it up. "But I want you to put it on again," said the lady; and Candide put it on again. "You see," said the lady, "you are a foreigner; I sometimes make my lovers in Paris languish for a fortnight, but I give myself to you the very first night, because one must do the honours of one's country to a young man from Westphalia." The fair lady, having perceived two enormous diamonds on the young foreigner's hands, praised them so sincerely that they passed from Candide's fingers to the fingers of the marchioness. As Candide went home with his abbé from Périgord, he felt some remorse at having been unfaithful to Mademoiselle Cunegonde. The abbé sympathised with his distress; he had only had a small share in the fifty thousand francs Candide had lost at cards and in the value of the two half-given, half-extorted, diamonds. His plan was to profit as much as he could from the advantages which his acquaintance with Candide might procure for him. He talked a lot about Cunegonde and Candide told him that he

should ask that fair one's forgiveness for his infidelity when he saw her at Venice. The abbé from Périgord redoubled his politeness and civilities and took a tender interest in all Candide said, in all he did, and in all he wished to do. "Then, sir," said he, "you are to meet her at Venice?" "Yes, sir," said Candide, "without fail I must go and meet Mademoiselle Cunegonde there." Then, carried away by the pleasure of talking about the person he loved, he related, as he was accustomed to do, some of his adventures with that illustrious Westphalian lady. "I suppose," said the abbé, "that Mademoiselle Cunegonde has a great deal of wit and that she writes charming letters." "I have never received any from her," said Candide, "for you must know that when I was expelled from the castle because of my love for her, I could not write to her; soon afterwards I heard she was dead, then I found her again and then I lost her, and now I have sent an express messenger to her two thousand five hundred leagues from here and am expecting her reply." The abbé listened attentively and seemed rather meditative. He soon took leave of the two foreigners, after having embraced them tenderly. The next morning when Candide woke up he received a letter composed as follows: "Sir, my dearest lover, I have been ill for a week in this town; I have just heard that you are here. I should fly to your arms if I could stir. I heard that you had passed

through Bordeaux; I left the faithful Cacambo and the old woman there and they will soon follow me. The governor of Buenos Ayres took everything, but I still have your heart. Come, your presence will restore me to life or will make me die of pleasure." This charming, this unhoped-for letter, transported Candide with inexpressible joy; and the illness of his dear Cunegonde overwhelmed him with grief. Torn between these two sentiments, he took his gold and his diamonds and drove with Martin to the hotel where Mademoiselle Cunegonde was staying. He entered trembling with emotion, his heart beat, his voice was broken; he wanted to open the bed-curtains and to have a light brought. "Do nothing of the sort," said the waiting-maid. "Light would be the death of her." And she quickly drew the curtains. "My dear Cunegonde," said Candide, weeping, "how do you feel? If you cannot see me, at least speak to me." "She cannot speak," said the maid-servant. The lady then extended a plump hand, which Candide watered with his tears and then filled with diamonds, leaving a bag full of gold in the arm-chair. In the midst of these transports a police-officer arrived, followed by the abbé from Périgord and a squad of policemen. "So these are the two suspicious foreigners?" he said. He had them arrested immediately and ordered his bravoes to hale them off to prison. "This is not the way they treat travellers in El-

dorado," said Candide. "I am more of a Manichæan than ever," said Martin. "But, sir, where are you taking us?" said Candide. "To the deepest dungeon," said the police-officer. Martin, having recovered his coolness, decided that the lady who pretended to be Cunegonde was a cheat, that the abbé from Périgord was a cheat who had abused Candide's innocence with all possible speed, and that the police-officer was another cheat of whom they could easily be rid. Rather than expose himself to judicial proceedings, Candide, enlightened by this advice and impatient to see the real Cunegonde again, offered the police-officer three little diamonds worth about three thousand pounds each. "Ah! sir," said the man with the ivory stick, "if you had committed all imaginable crimes you would be the most honest man in the world. Three diamonds! Each worth three thousand pounds each! Sir! I would be killed for your sake, instead of taking you to prison. All strangers are arrested here, but trust to me. I have a brother at Dieppe in Normandy, I will take you there; and if you have any diamonds to give him he will take as much care of you as myself." "And why are all strangers arrested?" said Candide. The abbé from Périgord then spoke and said: "It is because a scoundrel from Atrebatum listened to imbecilities; this alone made him commit a parricide, not like that of May 1610, but like that of December 1594, and like

several others committed in other years and in other months by other scoundrels who had listened to imbecilities." The police-officer then explained what it was all about. "Ah! the monsters!" cried Candide. "What! Can such horrors be in a nation which dances and sings! Can I not leave at once this country where monkeys torment tigers? I have seen bears in my own country; Eldorado is the only place where I have seen men. In God's name, sir, take me to Venice, where I am to wait for Mademoiselle Cunegonde." "I can only take you to Lower Normandy," said the barigel. Immediately he took off their irons, said there had been a mistake, sent his men away, took Candide and Martin to Dieppe, and left them with his brother. There was a small Dutch vessel in the port. With the help of three other diamonds the Norman became the most obliging of men and embarked Candide and his servants in the ship which was about to sail for Portsmouth in England. It was not the road to Venice; but Candide felt as if he had escaped from Hell, and he had every intention of taking the road to Venice at the first opportunity.

CHAPTER XXIII

CANDIDE AND MARTIN REACH THE COAST OF ENGLAND; AND WHAT THEY SAW THERE

"Ah! Pangloss, Pangloss! Ah! Martin, Martin! Ah! my dear Cunegonde! What sort of a world is this?" said Candide on the Dutch ship. "Something very mad and very abominable," replied Martin. "You know England; are the people there as mad as they are in France?" "'Tis another sort of madness," said Martin. "You know these two nations are at war for a few acres of snow in Canada, and that they are spending more on this fine war than all Canada is worth. It is beyond my poor capacity to tell you whether there are more madmen in one country than in the other; all I know is that in general the people we are going to visit are extremely melancholic." Talking thus, they arrived at Portsmouth. There were multitudes of people on the shore, looking attentively at a rather fat man who was kneeling down with his eyes bandaged on the deck of one of the ships in the fleet; four soldiers placed opposite this man each shot three bullets into his brain in the calmest manner imaginable; and the whole assembly

returned home with great satisfaction. "What is all this?" said Candide. "And what Demon exercises his power everywhere?" He asked who was the fat man who had just been killed so ceremoniously. "An admiral," was the reply. "And why kill the admiral?" "Because," he was told, "he did not kill enough people. He fought a battle with a French admiral and it was held that the English admiral was not close enough to him." "But, said Candide, "the French admiral was just as far from the English admiral!" "That is indisputable," was the answer, "but in this country it is a good thing to kill an admiral from time to time to encourage the others." Candide was so bewildered and so shocked by what he saw and heard that he would not even set foot on shore, but bargained with the Dutch captain (even if he had to pay him as much as the Surinam robber) to take him at once to Venice. The captain was ready in two days. They sailed down the coast of France; and passed in sight of Lisbon, at which Candide shuddered. They entered the Straits and the Mediterranean and at last reached Venice. "Praised be God!" said Candide, embracing Martin, "here I shall see the fair Cunegonde again. I trust Cacambo as I would myself. All is well, all goes well, all goes as well as it possibly could."

CHAPTER XXIV

PAQUETTE AND FRIAR GIROFLÉE

As soon as he reached Venice, he inquired for Cacambo in all the taverns, in all the cafés, and of all the ladies of pleasure; and did not find him. Every day he sent out messengers to all ships and boats; but there was no news of Cacambo. "What!" said he to Martin, "I have had time to sail from Surinam to Bordeaux, to go from Bordeaux to Paris, from Paris to Dieppe, from Dieppe to Portsmouth, to sail along the coasts of Portugal and Spain, to cross the Mediterranean, to spend several months at Venice, and the fair Cunegonde has not yet arrived! Instead of her I have met only a jade and an abbé from Périgord! Cunegonde is certainly dead and the only thing left for me is to die too. Ah! It would have been better to stay in the Paradise of Eldorado instead of returning to this accursed Europe. How right you are, my dear Martin! Everything is illusion and calamity!" He fell into a black melancholy and took no part in the opera *à la mode* or in the other carnival amusements; not a lady caused him the least temptation. Martin said: "You are indeed simple-minded to suppose that a half-breed valet with five

or six millions in his pocket will go and look for your mistress at the other end of the world and bring her to you at Venice. If he finds her, he will take her for himself; if he does not find her, he will take another. I advise you to forget your valet Cacambo and your mistress Cunegonde." Martin was not consoling. Candide's melancholy increased, and Martin persisted in proving to him that there was little virtue and small happiness in the world except perhaps in Eldorado where nobody could go. While arguing about this important subject and waiting for Cunegonde, Candide noticed a young Theatine monk in the Piazza San Marco, with a girl on his arm. The Theatine looked fresh, plump and vigorous; his eyes were bright, his air assured, his countenance firm, and his step lofty. The girl was very pretty and was singing; she gazed amorously at her Theatine and every now and then pinched his fat cheeks. "At least you will admit," said Candide to Martin, "that those people are happy. Hitherto I have only found unfortunates in the whole habitable earth, except in Eldorado; but I wager that this girl and the Theatine are very happy creatures." "I wager they are not," said Martin. "We have only to ask them to dinner," said Candide, "and you will see whether I am wrong." He immediately accosted them, paid his respects to them, and invited them to come to his hotel to eat macaroni, Lombardy partridges, and

caviare, and to drink Montepulciano, Lacryma Christi, Cyprus and Samos wine. The young lady blushed, the Theatine accepted the invitation, and the girl followed, looking at Candide with surprise and confusion in her eyes which were filled with a few tears. Scarcely had they entered Candide's room when she said: "What! Monsieur Candide does not recognise Paquette!" At these words Candide, who had not looked at her very closely because he was occupied entirely by Cunegonde, said to her: "Alas! my poor child, so it was you who put Dr. Pangloss into the fine state I saw him in?" "Alas! sir, it was indeed," said Paquette. "I see you have heard all about it. I have heard of the terrible misfortunes which happened to Her Ladyship the Baroness's whole family and to the fair Cunegonde. I swear to you that my fate has been just as sad. I was very innocent when you knew me. A Franciscan friar who was my confessor easily seduced me. The results were dreadful; I was obliged to leave the castle shortly after His Lordship the Baron expelled you by kicking you hard and frequently in the backside. If a famous doctor had not taken pity on me I should have died. For some time I was the doctor's mistress from gratitude to him. His wife, who was madly jealous, beat me every day relentlessly; she was a fury. The doctor was the ugliest of men, and I was the most unhappy of all living creatures at being

continually beaten on account of a man I did not love. You know, sir, how dangerous it is for a shrewish woman to be the wife of a doctor. One day, exasperated by his wife's behaviour, he gave her some medicine for a little cold and it was so efficacious that she died two hours afterwards in horrible convulsions. The lady's relatives brought a criminal prosecution against the husband; he fled and I was put in prison. My innocence would not have saved me if I had not been rather pretty. The judge set me free on condition that he took the doctor's place. I was soon supplanted by a rival, expelled without a penny, and obliged to continue the abominable occupation which to you men seems so amusing and which to us is nothing but an abyss of misery. I came to Venice to practise this profession. Ah! sir, if you could imagine what it is to be forced to caress impartially an old tradesman, a lawyer, a monk, a gondolier, an abbé; to be exposed to every insult and outrage; to be reduced often to borrow a petticoat in order to go and find some disgusting man who will lift it; to be robbed by one of what one has earned with another, to be despoiled by the police, and to contemplate for the future nothing but a dreadful old age, a hospital and a dunghill, you would conclude that I am one of the most unfortunate creatures in the world." Paquette opened her heart in this way to Candide in a side room, in the presence of Martin, who said to

Candide: "You see, I have already won half my wager." Friar Giroflée had remained in the dining-room, drinking a glass while he waited for dinner. "But," said Candide to Paquette, "when I met you, you looked so gay, so happy; you were singing, you were caressing the Theatine so naturally; you seemed to me to be as happy as you are unfortunate." "Ah! sir," replied Paquette, "that is one more misery of our profession. Yesterday I was robbed and beaten by an officer, and to-day I must seem to be in a good humour to please a monk." Candide wanted to hear no more; he admitted that Martin was right. They sat down to table with Paquette and the Theatine. The meal was quite amusing and towards the end they were talking with some confidence. "Father," said Candide to the monk, "you seem to me to enjoy a fate which everybody should envy; the flower of health shines on your cheek, your face is radiant with happiness; you have a very pretty girl for your recreation and you appear to be very well pleased with your state of life as a Theatine." "Faith, Sir," said Friar Giroflée, "I wish all the Theatines were at the bottom of the sea. A hundred times I have been tempted to set fire to the monastery and to go and be a Turk. My parents forced me at the age of fifteen to put on this detestable robe, in order that more money might be left to my cursed elder brother, whom God confound! Jealousy, discord,

fury, inhabit the monastery. It is true, I have preached a few bad sermons which bring me in a little money, half of which is stolen from me by the prior; the remainder I spend on girls; but when I go back to the monastery in the evening I feel ready to smash my head against the dormitory walls, and all my colleagues are in the same state." Martin turned to Candide and said with his usual calm: "Well, have I not won the whole wager?" Candide gave two thousand piastres to Paquette and a thou- said to Friar Giroflée. "I warrant," said he, "that they will be happy with that." "I don't believe it in the very least," said Martin. "Perhaps you will make them still more unhappy with those piastres." "That may be," said Candide, "but I am consoled by one thing; I see that we often meet people we thought we should never meet again; it may very well be that as I met my red sheep and Paquette, I may also meet Cunegonde again." "I hope," said Martin, "that she will one day make you happy; but I doubt it very much." "You are very hard," said Candide. "That's because I have lived," said Martin. "But look at these gondoliers," said Candide, "they sing all day long." "You do not see them at home, with their wives and their brats of children," said Martin. "The Doge has his troubles, the gondoliers have theirs. True, looking at it all round, a gondolier's lot is preferable to a Doge's; but I think the difference so

slight that it is not worth examining." "They talk," said Candide, "about Senator Pococurante who lives in that handsome palace on the Brenta and who is hospitable to foreigners. He is supposed to be a man who has never known a grief." "I should like to meet so rare a specimen," said Martin. Candide immediately sent a request to Lord Pococurante for permission to wait upon him next day.

CHAPTER XXV

VISIT TO THE NOBLE VENETIAN, LORD POCOCURANTE

CANDIDE and Martin took a gondola and rowed to the noble Pococurante's palace. The gardens were extensive and ornamented with fine marble statues; the architecture of the palace was handsome. The master of this establishment, a very wealthy man of about sixty, received the two visitors very politely but with very little cordiality, which disconcerted Candide but did not displease Martin. Two pretty and neatly dressed girls served them with very frothy chocolate. Candide could not refrain from praising their beauty, their grace and their skill. "They are quite good creatures," said Senator Pococurante, "and I sometimes make them sleep in my bed, for I am very tired of the ladies of the town, with their coquetries, their jealousies, their quarrels, their humours, their meanness, their pride, their folly, and the sonnets one must write or have written for them; but, after all, I am getting very tired of these two girls." After this collation, Candide was walking in a long gallery and was surprised by the beauty of the pictures. He asked what master had

painted the two first. "They are by Raphael," said the Senator. "Some years ago I bought them at a very high price out of mere vanity; I am told they are the finest in Italy, but they give me no pleasure; the colour has gone very dark, the faces are not sufficiently rounded and do not stand out enough; the draperies have not the least resemblance to material; in short, whatever they may say, I do not consider them a true imitation of nature. I shall only like a picture when it makes me think it is nature itself; and there are none of that kind. I have a great many pictures, but I never look at them now." While they waited for dinner, Pococurante gave them a concert. Candide thought the music delicious. "This noise," said Pococurante, "is amusing for half an hour; but if it lasts any longer, it wearies everybody although nobody dares to say so. Music nowadays is merely the art of executing difficulties and in the end that which is only difficult ceases to please. Perhaps I should like the opera more, if they had not made it a monster which revolts me. Those who please may go to see bad tragedies set to music, where the scenes are only composed to bring in clumsily two or three ridiculous songs which show off an actress's voice; those who will or can, may swoon with pleasure when they see an eunuch humming the part of Cæsar and Cato as he awkwardly treads the boards; for my part, I long ago abandoned such trivialities, which

nowadays are the glory of Italy and for which monarchs pay so dearly." Candide demurred a little, but discreetly. Martin entirely agreed with the Senator. They sat down to table and after an excellent dinner went into the library. Candide saw a magnificently bound Homer and complimented the Illustrissimo on his good taste. "That is the book," said he, "which so much delighted the great Pangloss, the greatest philosopher of Germany." "It does not delight me," said Pococurante coldly; "formerly I was made to believe that I took pleasure in reading it; but this continual repetition of battles which are all alike, these gods who are perpetually active and achieve nothing decisive, this Helen who is the cause of the war and yet scarcely an actor in the piece, this Troy which is always besieged and never taken—all bore me extremely. I have sometimes asked learned men if they were as bored as I am by reading it; all who were sincere confessed that the book fell from their hands, but that it must be in every library, as a monument of antiquity, and like those rusty coins which cannot be put into circulation." "Your Excellency has a different opinion of Virgil?" said Candide. "I admit," said Pococurante, "that the second, fourth and sixth books of his Æneid are excellent, but as for his pious Æneas and the strong Cloanthes and the faithful Achates and the little Ascanius and the imbecile king Latinus and the

middle-class Amata and the insipid Lavinia, I think there could be nothing more frigid and disagreeable. I prefer Tasso and the fantastic tales of Ariosto." "May I venture to ask you, sir," said Candide, "if you do not take great pleasure in reading Horace?" "He has two maxims," said Pococurante, "which might be useful to a man of the world, and which, being compressed in energetic verses, are more easily impressed upon the memory; but I care very little for his Journey to Brundisium, and his description of a Bad Dinner, and the street brawlers' quarrel between—what is his name?—Rupilius, whose words, he says, were full of pus, and another person whose words were all vinegar. I was extremely disgusted with his gross verses against old women and witches; and I cannot see there is any merit in his telling his friend Mæcenas that, if he is placed by him among the lyric poets, he will strike the stars with his lofty brow. Fools admire everything in a celebrated author. I only read to please myself, and I only like what suits me." Candide, who had been taught never to judge anything for himself, was greatly surprised by what he heard; and Martin thought Pococurante's way of thinking quite reasonable. "Oh! There is a Cicero," said Candide. "I suppose you are never tired of reading that great man?" "I never read him," replied the Venetian. "What do I care that he pleaded for Rabirius or Cluentius. I have enough

cases to judge myself; I could better have endured his philosophical works; but when I saw that he doubted everything, I concluded I knew as much as he and did not need anybody else in order to be ignorant." "Ah! There are eighty volumes of the Proceedings of an Academy of Sciences," exclaimed Martin, "there might be something good in them." "There would be," said Pococurante, "if a single one of the authors of all that rubbish had invented even the art of making pins; but in all those books there is nothing but vain systems and not a single useful thing." "What a lot of plays I see there," said Candide. "Italian, Spanish, and French!" "Yes," said the Senator, "there are three thousand and not three dozen good ones. As for those collections of sermons, which all together are not worth a page of Seneca, and all those large volumes of theology you may well suppose that they are never opened by me or anybody else." Martin noticed some shelves filled with English books. "I should think," he said, "that a republican would enjoy most of those works written with so much freedom." "Yes," replied Pococurante, "it is good to write as we think; it is the privilege of man. In all Italy, we only write what we do not think; those who inhabit the country of the Cæsars and the Antonines dare not have an idea without the permission of a Dominican monk. I should applaud the liberty which inspires English-

men of genius if passion and party spirit did not corrupt everything estimable in that precious liberty." Candide, in noticing a Milton, asked him if he did not consider that author to be a very great man. "Who?" said Pococurante. "That barbarian who wrote a long commentary on the first chapter of Genesis in ten books of harsh verses? That gross imitator of the Greeks, who disfigures the Creation, and who, while Moses represents the Eternal Being as producing the world by speech, makes the Messiah take a large compass from the heavenly cupboard in order to trace out his work? Should I esteem the man who spoiled Tasso's hell and devil; who disguises Lucifer sometimes as a toad, sometimes as a pigmy; who makes him repeat the same things a hundred times; makes him argue about theology; and imitates seriously Ariosto's comical invention of fire-arms by making the devils fire a cannon in Heaven? Neither I nor anyone else in Italy could enjoy such wretched extravagances. The marriage of Sin and Death and the snakes which sin brings forth nauseate any man of delicate taste, and his long description of a hospital would only please a grave-digger. This obscure, bizarre and disgusting poem was despised at its birth; I treat it to-day as it was treated by its contemporaries in its own country. But then I say what I think, and care very little whether others think as I

do." Candide was distressed by these remarks; he respected Homer and rather liked Milton. "Alas?" he whispered to Martin, "I am afraid this man would have a sovereign contempt for our German poets." "There wouldn't be much harm in that," said Martin. "Oh! What a superior man!" said Candide under his breath. "What a great genius this Pococurante is! Nothing can please him." After they had thus reviewed all his books they went down into the garden. Candide praised all its beauties. "I have never met anything more tasteless," said the owner. "We have nothing but gewgaws; but to-morrow I shall begin to plant one on a more noble plan." When the two visitors had taken farewell of his Excellency, Candide said to Martin: "Now you will admit that he is the happiest of men, for he is superior to everything he possesses." "Do you not see," said Martin, "that he is disgusted with everything he possesses? Plato said long ago that the best stomachs are not those which refuse all food." "But," said Candide, "is there not pleasure in criticising, in finding faults where other men think they see beauty?" "That is to say," answered Martin, "that there is pleasure in not being pleased." "Oh! Well," said Candide, "then there is no one happy except me—when I see Mademoiselle Cunegonde again." "It is always good to hope," said Martin. However, the

days and weeks went by; Cacambo did not return and Candide was so much plunged in grief that he did not even notice that Paquette and Friar Giroflée had not once come to thank him.

CHAPTER XXVI

HOW CANDIDE AND MARTIN SUPPED WITH SIX STRANGERS AND WHO THEY WERE

One evening when Candide and Martin were going to sit down to table with the strangers who lodged in the same hotel, a man with a face the colour of soot came up to him from behind and, taking him by the arm, said: "Get ready to come with us, and do not fail." He turned round and saw Cacambo. Only the sight of Cunegonde could have surprised and pleased him more. He was almost wild with joy. He embraced his dear friend. "Cunegonde is here, of course? Where is she? Take me to her, let me die of joy with her." "Cunegonde is not here," said Cacambo. "She is in Constantinople." "Heavens! In Constantinople! But, were she in China, I would fly to her; let us start at once." "We will start after supper," replied Cacambo. "I cannot tell you any more; I am a slave, and my master is waiting for me; I must go and serve him at table! Do not say anything; eat your supper, and be in readiness." Candide, torn between joy and grief, charmed to see his faithful agent again, amazed to see him a

slave, filled with the idea of seeing his mistress again, with turmoil in his heart, agitation in his mind, sat down to table with Martin (who met every strange occurrence with the same calmness), and with six strangers, who had come to spend the Carnival at Venice. Cacambo, who acted as butler to one of the strangers, bent down to his master's head towards the end of the meal and said: "Sire, your Majesty can leave when you wish, the ship is ready." After saying this, Cacambo withdrew. The guests looked at each other with surprise without saying a word, when another servant came up to his master and said: "Sire, your Majesty's post-chaise is at Padua, and the boat is ready." The master made a sign and the servant departed. Once more all the guests looked at each other, and the general surprise was increased twofold. A third servant went up to the third stranger and said: "Sire, believe me, your Majesty cannot remain here any longer; I will prepare everything." And he immediately disappeared. Candide and Martin had no doubt that this was a Carnival masquerade. A fourth servant said to the fourth master: "Your Majesty can leave when you wish." And he went out like the others. The fifth servant spoke similarly to the fifth master. But the sixth servant spoke differently to the sixth stranger who was next to Candide, and said: "Faith, sire, they will not give your Majesty any more credit nor me either,

and we may very likely be jailed to-night, both of us; I am going to look to my own affairs, good bye." When the servants had all gone, the six strangers, Candide and Martin remained in profound silence. At last it was broken by Candide. "Gentlemen," said he, "this is a curious jest. How is it you are all kings? I confess that neither Martin nor I are kings." Cacambo's master then gravely spoke and said in Italian: "I am not jesting, by name is Achmet III. For several years I was Sultan; I dethroned my brother; my nephew dethroned me; they cut off the heads of my viziers; I am ending my days in the old seraglio; my nephew, Sultan Mahmoud, sometimes allows me to travel for my health, and I have come to spend the Carnival at Venice." A young man who sat next to Achmet spoke after him and said: "My name is Ivan; I was Emperor of all the Russias; I was dethroned in my cradle; my father and mother were imprisoned and I was brought up in prison; I sometimes have permission to travel, accompanied by those who guard me, and I have come to spend the Carnival at Venice." The third said: "I am Charles Edward, King of England; my father gave up his rights to the throne to me and I fought a war to assert them; the hearts of eight hundred of my adherents were torn out and dashed in their faces. I have been in prison; I am going to Rome to visit the King, my father, who is dethroned

like my grandfather and me; and I have come to spend the Carnival at Venice." The fourth then spoke and said: "I am the King of Poland; the chance of war deprived me of my hereditary states; my father endured the same reverse of fortune; I am resigned to Providence like the Sultan Achmet, the Emperor Ivan and King Charles Edward, to whom God grant long life; and I have come to spend the Carnival at Venice." The fifth said: "I also am the King of Poland; I have lost my kingdom twice; but Providence has given me another state in which I have been able to do more good than all the kings of the Sarmatians together have been ever able to do on the banks of the Vistula; I also am resigned to Providence and I have come to spend the Carnival at Venice." It was now for the sixth monarch to speak. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am not so eminent as you; but I have been a king like anyone else. I am Theodore; I was elected King of Corsica; I have been called Your Majesty and now I am barely called Sir. I have coined money and do not own a farthing; I have had two Secretaries of State and now have scarcely a valet; I have occupied a throne and for a long time lay on straw in a London prison. I am much afraid I shall be treated in the same way here, although I have come, like your Majesties, to spend the Carnival at Venice." The five other kings listened to this speech with a noble compassion. Each of them

gave King Theodore twenty sequins to buy clothes and shirts; Candide presented him with a diamond worth two thousand sequins. "Who is this man," said the five kings, "who is able to give a hundred times as much as any of us, and who gives it?" As they were leaving the table, there came to the same hotel four serene highnesses who had also lost their states in the chance of war, and who had come to spend the rest of the Carnival at Venice; but Candide did not even notice these new-comers, he could think of nothing but of going to Constantinople to find his dear Cunegonde.

CHAPTER XXVII

CANDIDE'S VOYAGE TO CONSTANTINOPLE

THE faithful Cacambo had already spoken to the Turkish captain who was to take Sultan Achmet back to Constantinople and had obtained permission for Candide and Martin to come on board. They both entered this ship after having prostrated themselves before his miserable Highness. On the way, Candide said to Martin: "So we have just supped with six dethroned kings! And among those six kings there was one to whom I gave charity. Perhaps there are many other princes still more unfortunate. Now, I have only lost a hundred sheep and I am hastening to Cunegonde's arms. My dear Martin, once more Pangloss was right, all is well." "I hope so," said Martin. "But," said Candide, "this is a very singular experience we have just had at Venice. Nobody has ever seen or heard of six dethroned kings supping together in a tavern." " 'Tis no more extraordinary," said Martin, "than most of the things which have happened to us. It is very common for kings to be dethroned; and as to the honour we have had of supping with them, 'tis a trifle not deserving our attention." Scarcely had Candide entered the ship

when he threw his arms round the neck of his old valet, of his friend Cacambo. "Well!" said he, "what is Cunegonde doing? Is she still a marvel of beauty? Does she still love me? How is she? Of course you have bought her a palace in Constantinople?" "My dear master," replied Cacambo, "Cunegonde is washing dishes on the banks of Propontis for a prince who possesses very few dishes; she is a slave in the house of a former sovereign named Ragotsky, who receives in his refuge three crowns a day from the Grand Turk; but what is even more sad is that she has lost her beauty and has become horribly ugly." "Ah! beautiful or ugly," said Candide, "I am a man of honour and my duty is to love her always. But how can she be reduced to so abject a condition with the five or six millions you carried off?" "Ah!" said Cacambo, "did I not have to give two millions to Senor Don Fernando d'Ibaraa y Figueora y Mascarenes y Lampourdos y Souza, Governor of Buenos Ayres, for permission to bring away Mademoiselle Cunegonde? And did not a pirate bravely strip us of all the rest? And did not this pirate take us to Cape Matapan, to Milo, to Nicaria, to Samos, to Petra, to the Dardanelles, to Marmora, to Scutari? Cunegonde and the old woman are servants to the prince I mentioned, and I am slave to the dethroned Sultan." "What a chain of terrible calamities!" said Candide. "But after all, I still have a few diamonds;

I shall easily deliver Cunegonde. What a pity she has become so ugly." Then, turning to Martin, he said: "Who do you think is the most to be pitied, the Sultan Achmet, the Emperor Ivan, King Charles Edward, or me?" "I do not know at all," said Martin. "I should have to be in your hearts to know." "Ah!" said Candide, "if Pangloss were here he would know and would tell us." "I do not know," said Martin, "what scales your Pangloss would use to weigh the misfortunes of men and to estimate their sufferings. All I presume is that there are millions of men on the earth a hundred times more to be pitied than King Charles Edward, the Emperor Ivan and the Sultan Achmet." "That may very well be," said Candide. In a few days they reached the Black Sea channel. Candide began by paying a high ransom for Cacambo and, without wasting time, he went on board a galley with his companions bound for the shores of Propontis, in order to find Cunegonde however ugly she might be. Among the galley-slaves were two convicts who rowed very badly and from time to time the Levantine captain applied several strokes of a bull's pizzle to their naked shoulders. From a natural feeling of pity Candide watched them more attentively than the other galley slaves and went up to them. Some features of their disfigured faces appeared to him to have some resemblance to Pangloss and the wretched Jesuit, the

Baron, Mademoiselle Cunegonde's brother. This idea disturbed and saddened him. He looked at them still more carefully. "Truly," said he to Cacambo, "if I had not seen Dr. Pangloss hanged, and if I had not been so unfortunate as to kill the Baron, I should think they were rowing in this galley." At the words Baron and Pangloss, the two convicts gave a loud cry, stopped on their seats and dropped their oars. The Levantine captain ran up to them and the lashes with the bull's pizzle were redoubled. "Stop! Stop, sir!" cried Candide. "I will give you as much money as you want." "What! Is it Candide?" said one of the convicts. "What! Is it Candide?" said the other. "Is it a dream?" said Candide. "Am I awake? Am I in this galley? Is that my Lord the Baron whom I killed? Is that Dr. Pangloss whom I saw hanged?" "It is, it is," they replied. "What! Is that the great philosopher?" said Martin. "Ah! sir," said Candide to the Levantine captain, "how much money do you want for My Lord Thunder-ten-tronckh, one of the first Barons of the empire, and for Dr. Pangloss, the most profound metaphysician of Germany?" "Dog of a Christian," replied the Levantine captain, "since these two dogs of Christian convicts are Barons and metaphysicians, which no doubt is a high rank in their country, you shall pay me fifty thousand sequins." "You shall have them, sir. Row back to Constantinople like lightning and you shall be paid at once.

But, no, take me to Mademoiselle Cunegonde." The captain, at Candide's first offer had already turned the bow towards the town, and rowed there more swiftly than a bird cleaves the air. Candide embraced the Baron and Pangloss a hundred times. "How was it I did not kill you, my dear Baron? And, my dear Pangloss, how do you happen to be alive after having been hanged? And why are you both in a Turkish galley?" "Is it really true that my dear sister is in this country?" said the Baron. "Yes," replied Cacambo. "So once more I see my dear Candide!" cried Pangloss. Candide introduced Martin and Cacambo. They all embraced and all talked at the same time. The galley flew; already they were in the harbour. They sent for a Jew, and Candide sold him for fifty thousand sequins a diamond worth a hundred thousand, for which he swore by Abraham he could not give any more. The ransom of the Baron and Pangloss was immediately paid. Pangloss threw himself at the feet of his liberator and bathed them with tears; the other thanked him with a nod and promised to repay the money at the first opportunity. "But is it possible that my sister is in Turkey?" said he. "Nothing is so possible," replied Cacambo, "since she washes up the dishes of a prince of Transylvania." They immediately sent for two Jews; Candide sold some more diamonds; and they all set out in another galley to rescue Cunegonde.

CHAPTER XXVIII

WHAT HAPPENED TO CANDIDE, TO CUNEGONDE, TO PANGLOSS, TO MARTIN, ETC.

"PARDON once more," said Candide to the Baron, "pardon me, reverend father, for having thrust my sword through your body." "Let us say no more about it," said the Baron. "I admit I was a little too sharp; but since you wish to know how it was you saw me in a galley, I must tell you that after my wound was healed by the brother apothecary of the college, I was attacked and carried off by a Spanish raiding party; I was imprisoned in Buenos Ayres at the time when my sister had just left. I asked to return to the Vicar-General in Rome. I was ordered to Constantinople to act as almoner to the Ambassador of France. A week after I had taken up my office I met towards evening a very handsome young page of the Sultan. It was very hot; the young man wished to bathe; I took the opportunity to bathe also. I did not know that it was a most serious crime for a Christian to be found naked with a young Mahometan. A cadi sentenced me to a hundred strokes on the soles of my feet and condemned me to the galley. I do not

think a more horrible injustice has ever been committed. But I should very much like to know why my sister is in the kitchen of a Transylvanian sovereign living in exile among the Turks." "But, my dear Pangloss," said Candide, "how does it happen that I see you once more?" "It is true," said Pangloss, "that you saw me hanged; and in the natural course of events I should have been burned. But you remember, it poured with rain when they were going to roast me; the storm was so violent that they despaired of lighting the fire; I was hanged because they could do nothing better; a surgeon bought my body, carried me home and dissected me. He first made a crucial incision in me from the navel to the collar-bone. Nobody could have been worse hanged than I was. The executioner of the holy Inquisition, who was a sub-deacon, was marvellously skilful in burning people, but he was not accustomed to hang them; the rope was wet and did not slide easily and it was knotted; in short, I still breathed. The crucial incision caused me to utter so loud a scream that the surgeon fell over backwards and, thinking he was dissecting the devil, fled away in terror and fell down the staircase in his flight. His wife ran in from another room at the noise; she saw me stretched out on the table with my crucial incision; she was still more frightened than her husband, fled, and fell on top of him. When they had recovered themselves a

little, I heard the surgeon's wife say to the surgeon: 'My dear, what were you thinking of, to dissect a heretic? Don't you know the devil always possesses them? I will go and get a priest at once to exorcise him.' At this I shuddered and collected the little strength I had left to shout: 'Have pity on me!' At last the Portuguese barber grew bolder; he sewed up my skin; his wife even took care of me, and at the end of a fortnight I was able to walk again. The barber found me a situation and made me lackey to a Knight of Malta who was going to Venice; but, as my master had no money to pay me wages, I entered the service of a Venetian merchant and followed him to Constantinople. One day I took it into my head to enter a mosque; there was nobody there except an old Imam and a very pretty young devotee who was reciting her prayers; her breasts were entirely uncovered; between them she wore a bunch of tulips, roses, anemones, ranunculus, hyacinths and auriculas; she dropped her bunch of flowers; I picked it up and returned it to her with a most respectful alacrity. I was so long putting them back that the Imam grew angry and, seeing I was a Christian, called for help. I was taken to the cadi, who sentenced me to receive a hundred strokes on the soles of my feet and sent me to the galleys. I was chained on the same seat and in the same galley as My Lord the Baron. In this galley there were four young men from Marseilles, five

Neapolitan priests and two monks from Corfu, who assured us that similar accidents occurred every day. His Lordship the Baron claimed that he had suffered a greater injustice than I; and I claimed that it was much more permissible to replace a bunch of flowers between a woman's breasts than to be naked with one of the Sultan's pages. We argued continually, and every day received twenty strokes of the bull's pizzle, when the chain of events of this universe led you to our galley and you ransomed us." "Well! my dear Pangloss," said Candide, "when you were hanged, dissected, stunned with blows and made to row in the galleys, did you always think that everything was for the best in this world?" "I am still of my first opinion," replied Pangloss, "for after all I am a philosopher; and it would be unbecoming for me to recant, since Leibnitz could not be in the wrong and pre-established harmony is the finest thing imaginable like the plenum and subtle matter."

CHAPTER XXIX

HOW CANDIDE FOUND CUNEGONDE AND THE OLD WOMAN AGAIN

While Candide, the Baron, Pangloss, Martin and Cacambo were relating their adventures, reasoning upon contingent or non-contingent events of the universe, arguing about effects and causes, moral and physical evil, free-will and necessity, and the consolations to be found in the Turkish galleys, they came to the house of the Transylvanian prince on the shores of Propontis. The first objects which met their sight were Cunegonde and the old woman hanging out towels to dry on the line. At this sight the Baron grew pale. Candide, that tender lover, seeing his fair Cunegonde sunburned, blear-eyed, flat-breasted, with wrinkles round her eyes and red, chapped arms, recoiled three paces in horror, and then advanced from mere politeness. She embraced Candide and her brother. They embraced the old woman; Candide bought them both. In the neighbourhood was a little farm; the old woman suggested that Candide should buy it, until some better fate befell the group. Cunegonde did not know that she had become ugly, for nobody had told her so; she

reminded Candide of his promises in so peremptory a tone that the good Candide dared not refuse her. He therefore informed the Baron that he was about to marry his sister. "Never," said the Baron, "will I endure such baseness on her part and such insolence on yours; nobody shall ever reproach me with this infamy; my sister's children could never enter the chapters of Germany. No, my sister shall never marry anyone but a Baron of the Empire." Cunegonde threw herself at his feet and bathed them in tears; but he was inflexible. "Madman," said Candide, "I rescued you from the galleys, I paid your ransom and your sister's; she was washing dishes here, she is ugly, I am so kind as to make her my wife, and you pretend to oppose me! I should kill you again if I listened to my anger." "You may kill me again," said the Baron, "but you shall never marry my sister while I am alive."

CHAPTER XXX

CONCLUSION

At the bottom of his heart Candide had not the least wish to marry Cunegonde. But the Baron's extreme impertinence determined him to complete the marriage, and Cunegonde urged it so warmly that he could not retract. He consulted Pangloss, Martin and the faithful Cacambo. Pangloss wrote an excellent memorandum by which he proved that the Baron had no rights over his sister and that by all the laws of the empire she could make a left-handed marriage with Candide. Martin advised that the Baron should be thrown into the sea; Cacambo decided that he should be returned to the Levantine captain and sent back to the galleys, after which he would be returned by the first ship to the Vicar-General at Rome. This was thought to be very good advice; the old woman approved it; they said nothing to the sister; the plan was carried out with the aid of a little money and they had the pleasure of duping a Jesuit and punishing the pride of a German Baron. It would be natural to suppose that when, after so many disasters, Candide was married to his mistress, and living with the philosopher

Pangloss, the philosopher Martin, the prudent Cacambo and the old woman, having brought back so many diamonds from the country of the ancient Incas, he would lead the most pleasant life imaginable. But he was so cheated by the Jews that he had nothing left but his little farm; his wife, growing uglier every day, became shrewish and unendurable; the old woman was ailing and even more bad-tempered than Cunegonde. Cacambo, who worked in the garden and then went to Constantinople to sell vegetables, was overworked and cursed his fate. Pangloss was in despair because he did not shine in some German university. As for Martin, he was firmly convinced that people are equally uncomfortable everywhere; he accepted things patiently. Candide, Martin and Pangloss sometimes argued about metaphysics and morals. From the windows of the farm they often watched the ships going by, filled with effendis, pashas, and cadis, who were being exiled to Lemnos, to Mitylene and Erzerum. They saw other cadis, other pashas and other effendis coming back to take the place of the exiles and to be exiled in their turn. They saw the neatly impaled heads which were taken to the Sublime Porte. These sights redoubled their discussions; and when they were not arguing, the boredom was so excessive that one day the old woman dared to say to them: "I should like to know which is worse, to be raped a

hundred times by negro pirates, to have a buttock cut off, to run the gauntlet among the Bulgarians, to be whipped and flogged in an *auto-da-fé*, to be dissected, to row in a galley, in short, to endure all the miseries through which we have passed, or to remain here doing nothing?" "'Tis a great question," said Candide. These remarks led to new reflections, and Martin especially concluded that man was born to live in the convulsions of distress or in the lethargy of boredom. Candide did not agree, but he asserted nothing. Pangloss confessed that he had always suffered horribly; but, having once maintained that everything was for the best, he had continued to maintain it without believing it. One thing confirmed Martin in his detestable principles, made Candide hesitate more than ever, and embarrassed Pangloss. And it was this. One day there came to their farm Paquette and Friar Giroflée, who were in the most extreme misery; they had soon wasted their three thousand piastres, had left each other, made it up, quarrelled again, been put in prison, escaped, and finally Friar Giroflée had turned Turk. Paquette continued her occupation everywhere and now earned nothing by it. "I foresaw," said Martin to Candide, "that your gifts would soon be wasted and would only make them the more miserable. You and Cacambo were once bloated with millions of piastres and you are no happier than Friar Giroflée and Paquette." "Ah!

Ha!" said Pangloss to Paquette, "so Heaven brings you back to us, my dear child? Do you know that you cost me the end of my nose, an eye and an ear! What a plight you are in! Ah! What a world this is!" This new occurrence caused them to philosophise more than ever. In the neighbourhood there lived a very famous Dervish, who was supposed to be the best philosopher in Turkey; they went to consult him; Pangloss was the spokesman and said: "Master, we have come to beg you to tell us why so strange an animal as man was ever created." "What has it to do with you?" said the Dervish. "Is it your business?" "But, reverend father," said Candide, "there is a horrible amount of evil in the world." "What does it matter," said the Dervish, "whether there is evil or good? When his highness sends a ship to Egypt, does he worry about the comfort or discomfort of the rats in the ship?" "Then what should we do?" said Pangloss. "Hold your tongue," said the Dervish. "I flattered myself," said Pangloss, "that I should discuss with you effects and causes, this best of all possible worlds, the origin of evil, the nature of the soul and pre-established harmony." At these words the Dervish slammed the door in their faces. During this conversation the news went round that at Constantinople two viziers and the mufti had been strangled and several of their friends impaled. This catastrophe made a pro-

digious noise everywhere for several hours. As Pangloss, Candide and Martin were returning to their little farm, they came upon an old man who was taking the air under a bower of orange-trees at his door. Pangloss, who was as curious as he was argumentative, asked him what was the name of the mufti who had just been strangled. "I do not know," replied the old man. "I have never known the name of any mufti or of any vizier. I am entirely ignorant of the occurrence you mention; I presume that in general those who meddle with public affairs sometimes perish miserably and that they deserve it; but I never inquire what is going on in Constantinople; I content myself with sending there for sale the produce of the garden I cultivate." Having spoken thus, he took the strangers into his house. His two daughters and his two sons presented them with several kinds of sherbet which they made themselves, caymac flavoured with candied citron peel, oranges, lemons, limes, pine-apples, dates, pistachios and Mocha coffee which had not been mixed with the bad coffee of Batavia and the Isles. After which this good Mussulman's two daughters perfumed the beards of Candide, Pangloss and Martin. "You must have a vast and magnificent estate?" said Candide to the Turk. "I have only twenty acres," replied the Turk. "I cultivate them with my children; and work keeps at bay three great evils: boredom, vice and

need." As Candide returned to his farm he reflected deeply on the Turk's remarks. He said to Pangloss and Martin: "That good old man seems to me to have chosen an existence preferable by far to that of the six kings with whom we had the honour to sup." "Exalted rank," said Pangloss, "is very dangerous, according to the testimony of all philosophers; for Eglon, King of the Moabites, was murdered by Ehud; Absalom was hanged by the hair and pierced by three darts; King Nadab, son of Jeroboam, was killed by Baasha; King Elah by Zimri; Ahaziah by Jehu; Athaliah by Jehoiada; the Kings Jehoiakim, Jeconiah and Zedekiah were made slaves. You know in what manner died Crœsus, Astyages, Darius, Denys of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perseus, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Ariovistus, Cæsar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II of England, Edward II, Henry VI, Richard III, Mary Stuart, Charles I, the three Henrys of France, the Emperor Henry IV. You know . . ." "I also know," said Candide, "that we should cultivate our gardens." "You are right," said Pangloss, "for, when man was placed in the Garden of Eden, he was placed there *ut operaretur eum*, to dress it and to keep it; which proves that man was not born for idleness." "Let us work without theorizing," said Martin; "'tis the only way to make life endurable." The whole small fraternity entered into this praiseworthy plan, and each started

to make use of his talents. The little farm yielded well. Cunegonde was indeed very ugly, but she became an excellent pastry-cook; Paquette embroidered; the old woman took care of the linen. Even Friar Giroflée performed some service; he was a very good carpenter and even became a man of honour; and Pangloss sometimes said to Candide: "All events are linked up in this best of all possible worlds; for, if you had not been expelled from the noble castle, by hard kicks in your backside for love of Mademoiselle Cunegonde, if you had not been clapped into the Inquisition, if you had not wandered about America on foot, if you had not stuck your sword in the Baron, if you had not lost all your sheep from the land of Eldorado, you would not be eating candied citrons and pistachios here." "'Tis well said," replied Candide, "but we must cultivate our gardens."

PART TWO

CHAPTER I

HOW CANDIDE PARTED FROM HIS COMPANY, AND WHAT RESULTED FROM IT

MAN soon grows weary of everything in life; riches are a burden to the possessor; ambition, when sated, leaves regrets; the sweets of love lose their delight; and Candide, born to experience all the vicissitudes of fortune, at last was tired of cultivating his garden. "Master Pangloss," said he, "if we are in the best of *possible worlds*, you must confess at least that I do not enjoy a suitable proportion of *possible happiness*, since I live unknown in a small corner of the *Propontis*, having no other support than that of my hands, which may soon lose their strength; no other pleasure than that which I have from Miss Cunegonde, who is very ugly, and, what is worst of all, she is my wife; no other company than yours, which often tires me; or that of Martin, which makes me dull; or that of Giroflée, who lately has turned good; or that of Paquette, which, you know, is very dangerous; or that of the old woman with one buttock, who tells me a parcel of long-spun stories."

Then Pangloss replied: "Philosophy teaches us,

that the *monades*, infinitely divisible, arrange themselves with a wonderful intelligence to form the different bodies that we remark in nature. The heavenly bodies are what they *ought* to be; they are placed where they *ought* to be placed; they describe the circles that they *ought* to describe; man follows the inclination that he *ought* to follow, he is what he *ought* to be, he does what he *ought* to do. You are cast down and complain, O Candide, because the monade of your soul is weary; but this weariness is a modification of the soul, and is no argument against everything being for the best with respect to yourself and others. When you saw me overrun with ulcers, I stood firm to my opinion: for if Miss Paquette had not given me a relish for the pleasures of love, and its poison, I should not have met with you in Holland; I should not have given an occasion to James the Anabaptist to do a meritorious action; I should not have been hanged at Lisbon for the edification of our neighbour; I should not be here to comfort you with my advices, to live and die in the opinion of Leibnitz. Yes! my dear Candide! the whole is a concatenation, everything is necessary in the best of possible worlds. There is an absolute necessity for the burgess of Montauban to instruct kings, and the worm of Quimper-Corentin to criticise, criticise, criticise. The impeacher of philosophers is necessitated to be crucified in St. Denis's

street; and the same necessity obliges the flogging pedant of the Recollêts and the archdean of St. Malo to distill gall and calumny from their *Christian Journals*. Philosophy lies under the necessity to be impeached at the tribunal of Melpomene. Philosophers are obliged to continue to enlighten mankind, notwithstanding the snarling envious brutes that grovel in the mud of literature. And were you to be kicked from the finest of castles, and under the necessity of learning again the Bulgarian exercise, run the gauntlet, suffer once more the effects of a Dutch frow, and be sent back to Lisbon to be cruelly scourged by order of the holy Inquisition, to undergo the same dangers among the Padres, the Oreillons, and the French; if you were, in short, to bear all *possible* calamities, and though you did not understand Leibnitz better than I do myself, you would always maintain that everything is *right*, and *for the best;* that the *plenum*, and the *materia subtilis*, the *pre-established harmony*, and the *monades*, are the prettiest things in the world; and that Leibnitz is a great man, even to those who do not understand him."

To this fine discourse, Candide, the mildest of all the beings of nature, though indeed he had killed three men, two of whom were priests, did not give an answer; but being weary of the Doctor and his company, he set out, the next morning by break of

day, with a white stick in his hand, not knowing whither he was going, in search of a place devoid of weariness, and where men should not be men, as in the good country of Eldorado.

Candide, less unhappy since he no longer was in love with Miss Cunegonde, got his subsistence from the liberality of different people, who were not Christians, but were charitable. He arrived after a very tedious and painful march, at Tauris, a city on the frontiers of Persia, famous for the cruelties exercised there alternately by Turks and Persians.

Candide being quite spent with fatigue, having scarcely as many clothes as could cover the *distinguishing mark* of man, and what man calls his *shame*, was beginning to doubt whether he should believe Pangloss, when a Persian made up to him in a very polite manner, and entreated him to ennoble his house by his presence. "You joke, surely," said Candide; "I am a poor devil, who have left a wretched habitation that I had at the Propontis, because I married Miss Cunegonde, who is become very ugly, and because I was weary. I am not indeed fit to ennoble any one's house. I am not noble myself, thanks be to God; if I had the honour to be so, the Honourable Baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh should have paid very dearly for the kicks on the breech he thought proper to give me, or I should have died for shame, which would have been too philosophical.

Besides, I was scourged very ignominiously by the executioners of the holy Inquisition, and by two thousand heroes, whose pay is three farthings a day. Give me whatever you please, but do not insult me in my distress by banters that would depreciate the merit of your favours." "My Lord," replied the Persian, "you may be a beggar, and that is pretty visible you are so; but my religion obliges me to be hospitable. You are a fellow-creature, and in want, therefore the apple of my eye shall be your path. Deign to ennoble my house by your radiant presence." "I shall do as you please," replied Candide. "Step in," said the Persian. They walk in; and Candide, full of admiration, was quite astonished at the respect that his landlord showed him. The slaves anticipated all his desires. The whole house seemed intent to procure him full satisfaction. "Provided this continues," said Candide, "matters are not so bad in this country." Three days had elapsed, and the Persian generosity still lasts as usual. Candide begins to exclaim, "O Master Pangloss, I suspected always that you were in the right; for you are a great philosopher!"

CHAPTER II

WHAT HAPPENED TO CANDIDE IN THIS HOUSE, AND HOW HE LEFT IT

CANDIDE, well fed, well clothed, and in high spirits, soon became again as ruddy, as fresh, and as pretty, as when he was in Westphalia. This change gave no small pleasure to Ishmael Rahab, his landlord. This man, who was six feet high, had two small red sparkling eyes; and his pimpled nose, of a pretty large size, was a sufficient indication that he infringed the law of Mahomet. His whiskers were renowned in the province, and mothers were earnestly praying that their sons might have the like moustaches. Rahab had wives, because he was rich; but he was of an opinion that prevails but too commonly in the East, and in some colleges of Europe. "Your Excellence is more beautiful than the stars," said the artful Persian, one day, to our unsuspecting hero, gently stroking him under the chin; "your charms must have captivated many hearts; you were born to give and to enjoy happiness." "Alas!" replied Candide, "I was but half happy behind the screen, for I was far from being at my ease. Cunegonde was then

handsome—Cunegonde, poor innocent!" "Follow me, my Lord," said the Persian; and Candide followed him.

They came to a most enchanting inclosure at the bottom of a wood, where silence and voluptuousness seemed to reign. There Ishmael Rahab, tenderly embracing Candide, in few words declared a passion for him, like that which the beautiful Alexis so feelingly describes in the Bucolics of Virgil. Candide was unable to recover from his astonishment. "No," cried he, "I will never submit to such infamy! What a strange cause, and what a shocking effect! I had rather suffer death." "Thou shalt die then," said the furious Ishmael. "How! Christian dog, because I very politely meant to give thee pleasure— Resolve to satisfy me, or to endure the most cruel death." Candide did not long hesitate. The Persian's powerful arguments were sufficient to make him tremble; but he feared death like a philosopher.

Custom soon reconciles us to anything. Candide, well fed, well instructed, though confined, was not absolutely dissatisfied with his situation. Good living, and the various entertainments exhibited by the slaves of Ishmael, gave some intermission to his griefs; he was unhappy only when he reflected; and so are the greatest part of mankind.

About this time one of the chief supports of the church militant of Persia, the most learned of all

the Mahometan doctors, who understood Arabic at his finger ends, and even the Greek which is at this day spoken in the country of Demosthenes and Sophocles, the Rev. Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk, returned from Constantinople, where he had been disputing with the Rev. Mamoud-Abram, on a very delicate point of doctrine, namely, Whether the prophet had plucked the quill with which he wrote the Alcoran, out of the wing of the angel Gabriel, or whether Gabriel had presented it to him? They had disputed, during three days and three nights, with a zeal worthy of the ages most renowned for controversy, when the Doctor returned persuaded, like all the disciples of Ali, that Mahomet had plucked the quill; and Mamoud-Abram remained convinced, like the rest of the sect of Omar, that the prophet was incapable of such a piece of rudeness, and that the angel presented it to him with the most becoming grace imaginable.

It was reported, that there had been, at Constantinople, a kind of free-thinker, who had insinuated, that it was proper to inquire into the truth of the Alcoran's having been actually written with a quill taken from the angel Gabriel; but he was stoned.

Candide's arrival made a great noise in Tauris; several persons who had heard of contingent effects, and effects not contingent, began to doubt of his being a philosopher. They mentioned it to the Rev.

Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk; he was curious to see him; and Rahab, who could not refuse a person of his consideration, ordered Candide into his presence. He seemed entirely satisfied with Candide's manner of reasoning on physical and moral evil, on things active and passive. "I understand you are a philosopher, and that is sufficient," said the Venerable Cenobite: "it is very improper that so great a man as you are should be treated unworthily, which I am informed is the case. You are a stranger, Ishmael Rahab has no right over you. I will take you to court, where you will meet with a favourable reception: the Sophi is fond of the sciences. Ishmael, deliver this young philosopher into my hands, or you will incur the displeasure of your prince, and draw upon you the vengeance of heaven, but more especially of its ministers." These last words terrified the intrepid Persian; he consented to everything; and Candide, blessing heaven and the priesthood, set out from Tauris that very day with the Mahometan doctor. They took the road to Ispahan, where they arrived amidst the blessings and acclamations of the people.

CHAPTER III

CANDIDE'S RECEPTION AT COURT, AND WHAT FOLLOWED

THE Rev. Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk made no delay in presenting Candide to the King. His Majesty took a singular pleasure in listening to his discourse, and placed him among the learned men of his court; but these learned men treated him as an ignorant fool, and an idiot, which very much contributed to persuade his Majesty that he was a great man. "Because," said he to them, "you cannot comprehend Candide's arguments, you affront him; but, for my part, though I undersatnd them no better than you, I assure you that he is a great philosopher; I swear it by my whiskers." These words imposed silence on the learned.

Candide was lodged in the palace, and allowed slaves for his service; he was clothed in a magnificent suit, and the Sophi commanded, that, let him say what he would, no one should dare to prove him in the wrong. His Majesty did not stop here. The venerable priest ceased not to importune him in favour of Candide; and he resolved, at last, to rank him with his most intimate favourites.

"God be praised and our holy prophet," said the Imam, addressing Candide, "I have brought you a most agreeable piece of intelligence. How happy are you, my dear Candide! How will you be envied! You will swim in opulence; you may aspire to the most illustrious employments of the Empire. Forget me not, however, my dear friend; remember that you are obliged to me for the favours with which you will soon be honoured. The King will bestow upon you a kindness which is greatly esteemed, and you will shortly exhibit an entertainment which the court has not enjoyed this two years." "And pray, what are the honours designed me by the prince?" said Candide. "This very day," replied the priest, quite delighted, "you will receive fifty strokes upon the soles of your feet, with a bull's pizzle, in the presence of his Majesty. The eunuchs, who are to perfume you, will be here immediately; prepare to support, with becoming resolution, this little trial, and make yourself worthy of the king of kings." "Let the king of kings keep his favours," cried Candide, "if, to deserve them, I must receive fifty strokes with a bull's pizzle." "It is his custom," replied the Doctor coldly, "with those on whom he would bestow his favours. I esteem you too much to report your reluctance, and I will make you happy in spite of yourself."

They had scarce done speaking when the eunuchs

entered, preceded by the executor of his Majesty's minute pleasures, who was one of the tallest and most robust lords of the court. Candide would rather have been excused; but, in spite of all he could say or do, they perfumed his legs and feet according to custom. Four eunuchs conducted him to the place appointed for the ceremony, in the midst of a double rank of soldiers, to the sound of musical instruments, cannon, and the ringing of bells. The Sophi was already there, attended by his principal officers, and the most intelligent of his courtiers. Candide was stretched in a moment on a gilded bench, and the executor of the minute pleasures was preparing to enter upon his office. "O Pangloss, Pangloss, if you were here!—" said Candide, crying and weeping with all his might; which would have been thought very indecent, if the priest had not asserted, that his favourite behaved in this manner only to give his Majesty more entertainment. In truth, this great king laughed most immoderately; he was so pleased with the sight, that, when the fifty strokes were given, he ordered fifty more. But his prime minister having represented, with uncommon boldness, that this favour, conferred on a stranger, might alienate the hearts of his subjects, he revoked his order, and Candide was remanded back to his apartment.

They put him to bed, having bathed his feet with vinegar. The nobility came, one after another, to

congratulate him; even the Sophi honoured him with his presence; he not only suffered him to kiss his hand, but gave him a devilish drive in the chaps with his fist. The politicians thence conjectured that his fortune was made; and, what is more extraordinary, though politicians, they were not mistaken.

CHAPTER IV

CANDIDE RECEIVES NEW FAVOURS, HIS ELEVATION

Our hero was no sooner recovered, than he was presented to the King, in order to express his gratitude for the favours with which he had been honoured. The monarch received him graciously; moreover, he deigned to give him two or three slaps in the face during the conversation; and when he took his leave, condescended to kick his a—— as he went along, even as far as the guardroom: the courtiers were all ready to die with envy. Since the time his Majesty had first begun to bruise his special favourites, no one had ever had the honour to be so thoroughly bruised as Candide.

Three days after this audience, our philosopher, who was ready to go mad at the favours he had received, and began to think that things went very ill, was named governor of Chusistan, with despotic power. He was decorated with a fur cap, which in Persia is a mark of high distinction. Having taken leave of the Sophi, who honoured him with the repetition of some favours, he set out for Sus, the capital of the province. From the moment Candide had

appeared at court, the grandees of the empire conspired his destruction. The excessive favours which the Sophi had so lavishly bestowed on him, served only to increase the storm which was ready to burst over his head. Nevertheless, he rejoiced in his good fortune, and especially in his remote situation: his ideas anticipated the pleasures of supremacy, and he said from the bottom of his heart,

"Thrice happy they who from their sovereign dwell
Far distant!—"

Scarce had he travelled twenty miles from Ispahan, when, on a sudden, a body of five hundred cavalry saluted him with a furious discharge of their carbines. Candide thought at first it was intended as a compliment; but a ball which shattered his leg to pieces, soon convinced him of his mistake. His people threw down their arms, and Candide, almost dead, was carried to a desolate castle. His baggage, his camels, his slaves, his white eunuchs, his black eunuchs, and thirty-six wives which the Sophi had given him for his own use, all became the spoil of the conquerors. They cut off the leg of our hero to prevent a mortification, and endeavoured to preserve his life to the intent that he might suffer a more cruel death.

"O Pangloss, Pangloss! what would become of your optimism, if you now beheld me, with only one

leg, in the hands of my most cruel enemies? When I had just entered the path of felicity; just made governor, or rather king, of one of the most considerable provinces of the empire of ancient Media; when I became possessed of camels, slaves, white eunuchs and black eunuchs, and thirty-six wives for my own use, and of which I had yet made no use—" Thus Candide spoke when he was able to speak.

But whilst he thus bewailed his misery, fortune stood his friend. The prime minister being informed of the violence which had been committed, had dispatched a sufficient body of veterans in pursuit of the rebels; and the priest, Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk, had published, by means of other priests, that Candide being favoured by the priests, was consequently a favourite with God. Besides, those who were acquainted with the conspiracy were the more impatient to discover it, since the ministers of religion had declared in the name of Mahomet, that if any one had eaten swine's flesh, drank wine, passed several days without bathing, or visited a woman at an improper time, contrary to the express commands of the Alcoran, should, upon declaring what he knew of the conspiracy, be *ipso facto* absolved. Candide's prison was soon discovered; it was instantly forced open, and, as religion was concerned, the vanquished were, according to rule, exterminated. Candide, marching over heaps of dead bodies, triumphed over

the greatest danger he had ever yet experienced, and, together with his attendants, continued his route towards his government, where he was received as a peculiar favourite who had been honoured with the bastinado in the presence of the king of kings.

CHAPTER V

AS HOW CANDIDE WAS A GREAT PRINCE, BUT NOT SATISFIED

PHILOSOPHY inspires men with the love of their fellow-creatures: Pascal is almost the only philosopher who seems endeavouring to make us hate them. Happily Candide had never read Pascal: he loved poor humanity with all his soul. Honest men perceived his disposition: they had hitherto been kept at a distance from the *Missi Dominici* of Persia; but it was not difficult for them to assemble in the presence of Candide, and to assist him with their counsel. He made many wise regulations for the encouragement of agriculture, population, commerce, and the arts. He rewarded those who had made useful experiments; and even those who had only written books, met with encouragement. When all my subjects are contented, (said Candide to himself with the most charming candour imaginable,) then possibly I may be happy. He was but little acquainted with human nature. His reputation was attacked in seditious libels, and he was calumniated in a work called *l'Ami des hommes*. He found, that, by endeavouring to make men happy, he did but excite

their ingratitude. "O," cried Candide, "how difficult it is to govern these unfledged animals which vegetate on the face of the earth! Why did I not remain on my little farm, in the company of Master Pangloss, Cunegonde, the daughter of Pope Urban X. who has but one buttock, Friar Giroflée, and the luxurious Paquette!"

CHAPTER VI

CANDIDE'S PLEASURES

CANDIDE, in the extremity of his grief, wrote a most pathetic letter to the Right Reverend Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk; who was so exceedingly moved with the sad picture of his misery, that he persuaded the Sophi to dismiss Candide from his employment. His Majesty, in recompense for his services, granted him a very considerable pension. Thus eased of the weight of grandeur, our philosopher sought the optimism of Pangloss in the pleasures of private life. Hitherto he seemed to have lived for others, and to have forgot that he had a seraglio. He now recollected this circumstance with that emotion which the very idea of a seraglio inspires. "Let all things be prepared," said he to his prime eunuch, "for my entrance among my wives." "My Lord," replied the squeaking gentleman, "it is now that your Excellence deserves the name of *wise*. Men, for whom you have done so much, were unworthy your attention; but women—" "It may be so," said Candide very modestly.

In the center of a garden, in which nature was assisted by art to develop her charms, stood a small

fabric whose structure was simple, yet elegant, and therefore quite different from those which are seen in the suburbs of the most magnificent cities in Europe. Candide approached this temple, but not without a blush. The soft air spread a delicious fragrance round the peaceful mansion. The flowers, amorously entwined, seemed guided by the instinct of pleasure; nor were they only the flowers of a day: the rose never lost its vermilion. The remote view of a shaggy rock, whence fell a rapid torrent, seemed calculated to invite the soul to that sweet melancholy which precedes enjoyment. Candide, trembling, entered the saloon, where taste and magnificence were elegantly displayed; a secret charm thrilled through every sense. He beholds, breathing upon the canvas, the youthful Telemachus in the midst of the nymphs of Calypso's court. He then turns his eyes to a half-naked Diana flying into the arms of Endymion. But his agitation increased, when he beheld a Venus faithfully copied from that of Medicis. All at once he is struck with the sound of divine music; a number of young Circassian women appear covered with their veils; they form around him a dance agreeably imagined, and more veritable than those which are exhibited upon the stage after the death of your Cæsars and your Pompeys.

At a certain signal, their veils dropped: their expressive features add new life to the entertainment:

they practice every bewitching attitude, but without any apparent design: one by her leering eyes expressed a boundless passion; another in a soft languor seemed to expect pleasure without seeking it; a third bends forward, but raises herself immediately so as to afford a transient glance at those ravishing charms, which at Paris the fair sex so profusely display; a fourth carelessly throws back the skirt of her robe, and discovers a leg, which of itself was sufficient to inflame a man of delicacy. The dance ceases, and the beauties stand motionless.

The silence that reigned recalls Candide to himself; the fury of love rushes into his heart; his insatiable looks wander on all sides; he kisses the inflaming lips and moistened eyes; he puts his hand on balls whiter than alabaster; their heaving and elastic motion makes the hand recoil; he admires the due proportions; he observes the ruddy tips, like the buds of the new-springing rose, that do not blow till recreated by the beneficent rays of the sun; he kisses them with ecstasy, and his mouth sticks close to them. Our philosopher contemplates with attention one of a more delicate shape and majestic deportment than the rest; but throws his handkerchief to a young nymph whose languishing eyes seemed peculiarly to court his affection, and whose beauty was improved by her blushes. The eunuch instantly opened the door of an apartment which was consecrated to the mys-

teries of love. The lovers entered, and the eunuch said to his master, "You are now going to be happy." "Oh," replied Candide, "I hope I am."

The ceiling and the walls of this delightful chamber were covered with mirrors, and in the middle stood a couch of black satin. Here he seated the fair Circassian, and began to undress her with inconceivable alertness. The good creature did not interrupt him, except to express her affection by her kisses. "O, my Lord," said she, "like a true Mahometan, how happy you have made your slave! How you honour her by your transports!" These few words charmed our philosopher. He was lost in ecstasy, and everything he beheld was entirely new to him. What difference between Cunegonde grown ugly, and violated by Bulgarian heroes, and a young Circassian of eighteen, who was never ravished! This was the first time that poor Candide had tasted pleasure. The objects which he devoured, were repeated in the glass. Which way soever he turned his eyes, he saw the black satin contrasted with the whitest skin in the universe. He beheld—but I am obliged to comply with the false delicacy of our language. Let it suffice to say, that our philosopher was completely happy.

"O Master, my dear Master Pangloss!" cried Candide quite enrapt, "all is as well here as in Eldorado; nothing but a fine woman can satisfy the desires of man. I am as happy as it is possible to be.

Leibnitz is in the right, and you are a great philosopher: for instance, I make no doubt but you, my lovely angel, are inclined towards optimism, as you have always been happy." "Alas!" replied the lovely angel, "I know not what you mean by optimism; but your slave was never happy before to-day. If my Lord will deign to hear me, I will convince him of this by a concise relation of my adventures." "With all my heart," said Candide: "I am in a proper state of tranquillity to listen to a story": and so the charming slave began her tale, as in the following chapter.

CHAPTER VII

THE HISTORY OF ZIRZA

My father was a Christian, and I also am a Christian, as he told me. He lived in a little hermitage in the neighbourhood of Cotatis, where he attracted the veneration of the faithful, by his fervent devotion, and an austerity of manners, which was shocking to human nature. The women came in crowds to pay him homage, and took a singular pleasure in kissing his backside, which was every day gored with stripes of discipline. I certainly owe my being to one of the most devout of them. I was brought up in a subterraneous cave near my father's cell. I was twelve years old, without having once issued from this tomb, as I may call it, when the earth trembled, with a terrible noise: the vault where I lay sunk down, and I was with difficulty taken from under the rubbish. I was half dead, when, for the first time in my life, my eyes were struck with the light of day. My father took me into his hermitage as a predestined child: the whole affair appeared strange to the people. My father cried out a miracle, and the people joined in the cry.

"I was named *Zirza*, which, in the Persian lan-

guage signifies, *child of Providence*. It was not long before the beauty of your poor slave excited the curiosity of the public. The women began to visit the hermitage less frequently, and the men much oftener. One of them said he loved me. 'Wicked wretch,' cried my father, 'art thou qualified to love her? She is a treasure which God hath committed to my care: he appeared to me last night in the figure of a venerable hermit, and commanded me not to part with her for less than two thousand crowns. Be gone, vile beggar, lest thy impure breath should contaminate her charms.' 'I confess,' answered the youth, 'that I have only a heart to offer her; but, monster, art thou not ashamed to prostitute the name of the Deity to thy avarice? With what face, wretch as thou art, dost thou dare to assert that God spake to thee? It is degrading the Almighty to represent him conversing with men like thee.' 'O blasphemy!' cried my father in a violent passion: 'God himself commanded that blasphemers should be stoned.' Saying these words, he murdered my unhappy lover, and his blood spurted in my face. Now, though I was yet unacquainted with love, I found myself so far interested in the fate of my lover, that the sight of my father became insupportable to me. I resolved to leave him: he perceived my design. 'Ungrateful girl,' said he, "it is to me thou art indebted for thy being; thou art my daughter, and

yet thou hatest me! but thou shalt no longer hate me without cause.' He kept his word but too religiously. During five sad years which I passed in tears and groans, neither my youth nor faded beauty had power to relax his severity. Sometimes he would thrust a thousand pins into every part of my body; then with his discipline he would cover my backside with blood." "That gave you less pain than the pins," said Candide. "True, my Lord," replied Zirza. "At last, however, I found means to escape; and not daring to confide in any man, I hid myself in the woods. Three days I spent without food, and should certainly have died of hunger, but for a tiger to whom I had the good fortune to be agreeable, and who was kind enough to divide his prey with me. But I was often dreadfully frightened by this terrible animal: the brute had once liked to have ravished from me the flower, the plucking of which has given your Lordship so much pain and pleasure. My food gave me the scurvy: but I was no sooner cured than I followed a slave-merchant who was travelling to Teflis, where the plague then raged, and I soon became infected. These misfortunes, however, had so little affected my charms, that the purveyor of the court thought fit to purchase me for your use. It is now three months that I have languished among the rest of your wives: we all began to imagine ourselves despised. O, Sir, if you

did but know how disagreeable and improper these eunuchs are to console neglected girls. In short, I have not yet lived eighteen years, twelve of which I passed in a dungeon; I have felt an earthquake; I was sprinkled with the blood of the first amiable man I had seen; during five whole years I endured the most cruel torture; I have had the scurvy and the plague. Pining in the midst of a company of black and white monsters, still preserving that which I had saved from the fury of a tiger, and cursing my destiny, I spent three long months in this seraglio; and should most certainly have died of the green sickness, if your Excellence had not honoured me with your embraces."

"O heavens!" said Candide, "is it possible at your age to have experienced such sad misfortunes? What would Pangloss say if he could hear your story? But your misfortunes are at an end as well as mine. Things are not now so bad; do you think they are?" Saying these words he renewed his caresses, and became more and more confirmed in the opinions of Pangloss.

CHAPTER VIII

CANDIDE'S DISGUST. A MEETING WHICH HE DID NOT EXPECT

Our philosopher, in the midst of his seraglio, distributed his favours with tolerable impartiality: he enjoyed the pleasure of variety, and returned with fresh ardour to the *child of Providence*. But this did not continue long. He now began to feel violent pains in his loins, and was also frequently afflicted with the colic. In being happy he became emaciated. Zirza's neck appeared neither so white nor so admirably turned; her shape lost half its delicacy; her eyes, in the eyes of Candide, seemed less sparkling; her complexion appeared less beautiful, and the ravishing vermilion of her lips seemed quite faded. He perceived that she did not walk well, and was not entirely satisfied with her breath. He also discovered a mole where he had conceived no blemish. The impetuosity of her passion became troublesome. In his other wives he coolly observed many defects, which, during his first transports, had escaped his notice: their lewdness grew offensive. He was ashamed to have followed the example of the

wisest of all men *et invenit amariorem morte mulierem.*

Candide, still firm in his Christian sentiments, sauntered for want of employment in the streets of Sus; where, to his great surprise, a gentleman richly dressed, caught him in his arms, calling him by his name. "It is possible," said Candide, "bless my spirit! It cannot be— Yet there is so striking a resemblance—Abbé Périgourdin—" "It is even so," replied the abbé from Périgord. Candide stepped back three paces, and ingeniously said, "But are you happy, my dear Sir?" "A fine question truly," answered the abbé from Périgord; "the little trick which I put upon you at Paris, served only to establish my credit. The *police* employed me a while; but disagreeing with them at last, I threw off the ecclesiastical habit, which was of no longer use to me, and went over to England, where those of my profession are better paid. I revealed all that I knew, and all that I did not know, of the strength and weakness of the country I had quitted. I swore that the French were a rascally people, and that London was the only magazine of good sense; in short, I made a considerable fortune, and am come hither to negotiate a treaty at the court of Persia, in which the Sophi is bound to exterminate every European who shall enter his dominions in search of cotton or silk, to the prejudice of the English." "The object of

your embassy," said our philosopher, "is doubtless very commendable; but, Sir, you are a great rascal: I do not like villainy, and I have some interest at court: tremble, therefore, for your prosperity is at an end; you will soon feel the punishment due to your crimes." "O Most Noble Lord Candide," said the abbé from Périgord, falling on his knees, "have mercy on me: I am driven to wickedness by an irresistible impulse, in the same manner as you are impelled to virtue. I perceived this fatal inclination the moment I was acquainted with Mr. Walsp, and became a writer in the *Feuilles*—" "Feuilles!" cried Candide, "what are those?" "They are," replied the abbé from Périgord, "certain pamphlets of seventy pages, in which the public are periodically entertained with scandal, satire, and Billingsgate. It is an honest man, who having learned to read and write, and not being able to continue Jesuit so long as he could have wished, set about this pretty little performance, in order to buy lace for his wife, and bring up his children in the fear of God. There are also a set of *honest gentlemen* who for a few pence, and now and then a gill of bad wine, assist the other *honest* man in carrying on his work. This Monsieur Walsp is a member of an extraordinary club, whose chief amusement is to make a few drunken people deny their God; or to assist some poor fool in spending his fortune, break his furniture, and then send him a chal-

lenge: these are no more than little gentilities, which these gentlemen call *mistifications*, and which nevertheless merit the notice of the *police*. In short, this very honest Monsieur Walsp, who denies his ever having been sent to the galleys, is blessed with a lethargy which renders him insensible to the severest truth; and it is impossible to rouse him but by certain violent means, which he endures with a magnanimity and resignation beyond all belief. I laboured some time under this celebrated author; I became famous in my turn, and had just left Monsieur Walsp, with an intention to begin for myself, when I had the honour to pay my respects to you in Paris—" "You are a vile rogue," said Candide; "but your sincerity moves me. Go directly to court, and present yourself to the Right Reverend Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk: I will write to him in your favour, on condition that you promise to become an honest man, and that you do not insist on having thousands of people murdered, for the sake of a little silk and cotton." Périgourdin promised all that Candide desired of him, and they parted friends.

CHAPTER IX

CANDIDE'S DISGRACE, TRAVELS, AND ADVENTURES

THE abbé from Périgord was no sooner arrived at court, than he used all his art to gain the minister, and ruin his benefactor. He reported that Candide was a traitor, and that he had spoken disrespectfully of the sacred whiskers of the king of kings. It was the general opinion of the courtiers, that he ought to be roasted at a slow fire; but the Sophi, with more humanity, was graciously pleased to condemn him only to perpetual banishment, after having kissed the soles of his accuser's feet, according to the custom of Persia. The abbé from Périgord set out in order to put this sentence in execution: he found our philosopher in tolerable health, and almost disposed to renew his happiness. "My dear friend," said the English ambassador, "with the utmost regret I come to acquaint you, that you must quit this kingdom with all possible expedition, and also that you must kiss the soles of my feet with sincere contrition, for the enormous crimes of which you have been guilty."—"Kiss the soles of your feet!" cried Candide; "upon my word, Mr. Abbé, you carry your

jokes too far: I do not comprehend you." He had scarce spoken, before the mutes, which attended the abbé from Périgord, entered the room, and immediately took off his shoes. He was then told, that he must either submit to this humiliation, or be impaled. Candide, in virtue of his free agency, kissed the abbé's feet. They clothed him in a robe of coarse canvas, and the hangman drove him out of the city, crying aloud,—"He is a traitor! he has spoken disrespectfully of the Sophi's whiskers, even of the whiskers of the great king!"

But what was the officious Cenobite doing, whilst his favourite was thus disgraced? I really cannot tell. Possibly he was grown weary of patronising Candide. Who can depend on priests or princes!

In the meantime, our hero trudged sorrowfully along. "I never in my life," said he to himself, "spoke of the king of Persia's whiskers. I am fallen at once from the pinnacle of fortune into the abyss of misery, because I am accused, by a wretch, who has violated all laws, of a crime which I never committed; and this fellow, this persecutor of virtue —is happy."

Candide, after several days' march, found himself on the borders of Turkey. He directed his steps towards Propontis, being determined to fix there once more, and to spend the remainder of his life in cultivating his garden. In passing through a small

town, he observed a multitude of people gathered together. He inquired the cause of this effect. "'Tis a very odd affair," answered an old man: "you must know, that, some time ago, the rich Mehemet obtained in marriage the daughter of the Janizary Zamoud: he found her not a virgin, and very naturally, according to law, cut off her nose, and sent her back to her father. Zamoud, enraged at the affront, as was quite natural, in the first transport of his fury, cut off the head of his disfigured daughter, at one stroke of his scimitar. His eldest son, who had a great affection for his sister, which you know is natural enough, in the violence of his passion, very naturally plunged a dagger into his father's breast; then like a lion, whose rage increases at the sight of his own blood, the young Zamoud flew to the house of Mehemet, and having killed half a dozen slaves who opposed his entrance, he murdered Mehemet, his wives, and two children in the cradle; after which he put an end to his own life with the dagger, yet reeking with the blood of his father, and of his enemies, which, you know, was also quite natural."—"O horrible!" cried Candide. "O Master Pangloss! if these barbarities are natural, would you not confess that nature is corrupted, and that all things are not?"—"No," replied the old man; the pre-established harmony—" "O heavens!" cried Candide, "am I deceived? Are you

not Pangloss himself?" "'Tis even so," said the old man; "I knew you at first, but I had a mind to penetrate into your sentiments before I discovered myself. Come, let us reason a little upon contingent effects: let me see what progress you have made in the school of wisdom." "Truly, Master Pangloss," said Candide, "you time it very ill: inform me rather what is become of Cunegonde, and where is Friar Giroflée, Paquette, and the daughter of Pope Urban." "I know nothing of the matter," replied Pangloss; "'tis now two years since I left our habitation in search of you. I have travelled over all Turkey, and was now going to the court of Persia, where, I was informed, you had made your fortune. I remained in this town among these good people, only to recover a little strength in order to pursue my journey." "What do I see!" said Candide in astonishment. "You have lost an arm, my dear Pangloss." "That's nothing at all," replied Pangloss; "there is nothing more common than to see people with but one eye and one arm in this best of worlds. The accident happened in my journey from Mecca. Our caravan was attacked by a troop of Arabs; and as our escort made resistance, the Arabs being strongest, according to the laws of war massacred us all. There perished in this affair about five hundred people, among whom were about a dozen women with child. For my part, I escaped

with only a cloven skull, and with the loss of an arm. You see I am still living, and have always found that everything was for the best. But you yourself, my dear Candide, how happens it that you have a wooden leg?" Candide then related his adventures. Our philosophers returned to Propontis, amusing themselves as they went along with reasoning on physical and moral evil, on free-will and predestination, on *monades* and pre-established harmony.

CHAPTER X

THE ARRIVAL OF CANDIDE AND PANGLOSS IN PROPONTIS, WHAT THEY SAW THERE, AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM

"O MY dear Candide," said Pangloss, "why did you grow weary of cultivating your garden? Why could not we be content with our preserved citron, and pistachio nuts? Why were you tired of being happy? Why, because all things are necessary in the best of worlds, it was therefore requisite that you should undergo the bastinado in the presence of the king of Persia; that you should have your leg cut off to make the Susians happy, to try the ingratitude of mankind, and to draw down punishment upon the heads of some villains who deserved to suffer." Thus conversing, they arrived at their old habitation. The first objects which struck their eyes, were Martin and Paquette, in the habit of slaves. "Whence comes this strange metamorphose?" said Candide, tenderly embracing them. "Alas!" they replied, sighing, "You have no longer a place of abode; another is intrusted with the cultivation of your garden; he eats your preserved citron and pistachio nuts, and uses us like

negroes." "Who is this other?" said Candide. "'Tis," said they, "the general of the marine, the least humane of all human beings. The Sultan, willing to reward his services, without being at any expense, confiscated all your possessions, under pretence that you were gone over to his enemy, and condemned us to slavery." "Believe me, Candide," added Martin, "and proceed on your journey. I have always told you, that everything is for the worst; the sum of evil greatly exceeds the sum of good; depart, and I do not despair of your becoming a Manichæan, if you are not one already." Pangloss was going to argue in form; but Candide interrupted him by inquiring after Cunegonde, the old woman, Friar Giroflée, and of Cacambo. "Cacambo is here," replied Martin; "he is now busy in cleaning the common sewer. The old woman is dead of a kick in the breast which was given her by an eunuch. Friar Giroflée is entered among the Janizaries. Madame Cunegonde is grown fat again, and has recovered her former beauty; she is in our master's seraglio." "What a string of unhappy wretches!" said Candide. "Was it necessary that Cunegonde should recover her beauty to make me a cuckold?" "It is of little importance," said Pangloss, "whether Madame Cunegonde be handsome or ugly; whether she is in your arms, or in those of another; it makes no difference in the general sys-

tem: for my part, I wish her a numerous posterity. Philosophers never concern themselves by whom women have children, provided they have them at all. Population—" "Alas," said Martin, "philosophers had much better employ themselves in contributing to the happiness of a few individuals, than undertake to multiply the suffering species."—While they were speaking, they heard a great noise. 'Twas the general who had ordered a dozen slaves to be flogged for his amusement. Pangloss and Candide, terrified, left their friends, with tears in their eyes, and hastily took the road to Constantinople. Here they found everybody in an uproar; the fire began in the suburbs of Pera: it had already consumed five or six hundred houses, and two or three thousand people had perished in the flames. "What a shocking disaster!" cried Candide. "All for the best," said Pangloss: "these little accidents happen every year. It is very natural that fire should catch wooden houses, and that those houses should burn. Besides, it delivers many honest people from a miserable existence—" "What do I hear?" said one of the officers of the Sublime Porte. "How, wretch! darest thou say it is all for the best, when half Constantinople is on fire? Go, dog, cursed prophet, go receive the punishment due to thy presumption." In saying these words, he took Pangloss by the middle, and threw

him headlong into the flames. Candide, half dead with fear, crept, as well as he could, into a neighbouring quarter, where things were more quiet; and what became of him, we shall see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XI

CANDIDE CONTINUES HIS JOURNEY; AND IN WHAT CAPACITY

"I HAVE now no other course to take," said our philosopher, "than to sell myself for a slave, or turn Turk. Happiness has abandoned me forever. A turban would corrupt all my pleasures. I feel myself incapable of enjoying peace of mind in a religion full of imposture, and which I should never embrace but from the base motive of interest. No, I shall never be content if I cease to be an honest man: I will therefore become a slave." No sooner had Candide taken this resolution, than he determined to put it in practice. He fixed upon an Armenian merchant for his master: his character was very good, and he was reputed to have as much virtue as an Armenian could possibly have. This Armenian was ready to sail for Norway: he took Candide with him, hoping that a philosopher might be serviceable to him in his trade. They embarked, and the wind was so favourable to them, that they made their passage in half the time which is generally required. They had no occasion to purchase a wind of the Lapland magicians, and therefore thought it sufficient to give them some

trifle, that they might not interrupt their good fortune by their witchcraft; which sometimes happens, if one may believe Moreri's dictionary. As soon as they were landed, the Armenian made his market of whale-blubber, and ordered our philosopher to traverse the country in search of dry fish. He acquitted himself of his commission as well as he could, and was returning with a number of reindeer loaded with this commodity, reflecting deeply on the amazing difference which he discovered between the Laplanders and other men, when he was accosted by an extreme little Laponese. Her head was rather larger than the rest of her body, her eyes red and fiery, her nose flat, and her mouth reached from ear to ear; she bid him good morrow, with the most engaging air imaginable. "My dear little Lord," said this animal, who herself was but one foot ten inches high, "you are exceeding charming; be so kind as to love me a little." So saying, she threw her arms about his neck. Candide pushed her from him with inexpressible horror. She cried out; her husband advanced, accompanied by a number of his countrymen. "What is the meaning of this noise?" said they. "'Tis," said the little animal, "only this stranger—alas! I cannot speak for grief; he despises me." "I understand you," said the husband. "Impolite, uncivil, brutal, infamous, cowardly rascal, thou hast brought shame upon my house; thou hast done me the greatest injury;

thou hast refused to lie with my wife." "Is the man mad?" said our hero. "What would you have said, had I lain with her?" "I should have wished you all manner of prosperity," said the enraged Laplander; "but thou deservest my utmost indignation." So saying, he exercised his stick upon the shoulders of Candide without mercy. The reindeer were seized by the relations of the affronted husband; and Candide, fearing worse treatment, was obliged to betake himself to his heels, and evermore to renounce his good master; for he durst not appear before him without money, without fish, and without reindeer.

CHAPTER XII

CANDIDE CONTINUES HIS JOURNEY. NEW ADVENTURES

CANDIDE strolled a long time, without even knowing whither he would go: he determined, at last, to make the best of his way to Denmark, where, he had heard, things went well. He found himself possessed of some little money, which the Armenian had given him; and, with this weak support, he hoped to accomplish his journey. This hope kept up his spirits, and he still enjoyed some happy moments. He chanced, one day, to meet, in an inn, with three travellers, who were talking with earnestness of a *plenum*, and *materia subtilis*. "Right," said Candide to himself, "these are philosophers." "Gentlemen," said he, as to the *plenum*, "it is incontestable, there is no *vacuum* in nature, and the *materia subtilis* is well imagined." "Then you are a Cartesian," said the travellers. "Yes," said Candide; "and, what is still more, I am a Leibnitzian." "So much the worse for yourself," replied the philosophers. "Descartes and Leibnitz had not common sense. As for us, we are Newtonians, and we glory in the distinction: if we dispute, it is only to strengthen our own sentiments,

for we are all of the same mind. We seek the truth upon Newtonian principles, because we are convinced that Newton is a great man."—"And so is Descartes, so is Leibnitz, so is Pangloss," said Candide: "these are great men worth all the others." "You are very impertinent, friend," replied the philosophers. "Are you acquainted with the laws of refrangibility, of attraction, and of motion? Have you read Doctor Clarke's refutation of your Leibnitz? Do you know what is meant by the centrifugal and centripetal force? Do you know that colours are formed by density? Have you any notion of the theory of light, and of gravitation? Are you ignorant of the period of 25,920 years, which unfortunately does not agree with chronology? No; I warrant, your ideas of all these things are false and imperfect: learn to keep silence therefore, for a pitiful *monade* as you are; and be careful how you affront gentlemen, by comparing them with pigmies." "Gentlemen," said Candide, "if Pangloss was here, he would teach you surprising things, for he is a great philosopher: he has an absolute contempt for your Newton, and, as I am his disciple, Newton is no great favourite of mine." The philosophers, quite enraged, fell upon Candide, and our poor hero was drubbed most philosophically.

Their wrath appeasing, they begged the hero pardon for their rashness; then one of them began to

speak, and made a very beautiful discourse on *mildness* and *moderation.*

During this conversation there happened to pass by a very pompous funeral, whence our philosophers took occasion to comment on the ridiculous vanity of mankind. "Would it not," says one of them, "be much more rational for the relations and friends of the deceased to carry, without pomp, the corpse upon their own shoulders? Would not the mournful employment more effectually excite the idea of death, and produce the most salutary and philosophical effect? Would not this reflection naturally arise? *This body which I carry is that of my friend, my relation; he is no more, and, like him, I must cease to exist?* Might not such a custom, in some measure, diminish the crimes committed in this unhappy world, and reclaim beings which believe in the soul's immortality? Mankind are but too willing to keep the thought of death at a distance, that we should be afraid of reminding them of their mortality too often. Why are not the weeping mother or husband present at this solemnity? The plaintive accents of nature, the piercing cries of despair, would do more honour to the ashes of the dead, than all those sable mutes, and that string of clergy, jovially singing psalms which they do not understand."—"It is well said," replied Candide: "if you did but always talk in this manner,

without beating people, you would be a great philosopher."

Our travellers separated with marks of mutual confidence and friendship. Candide, steering his course towards Denmark, soon found himself in the middle of a wood: in ruminating on the misfortunes which had befallen him in this best of worlds, he had lost his way. The day had considerably declined when he perceived his mistake. His courage failed, and sorrowfully lifting his eyes to heaven, our hero, leaning against a tree, expressed himself in the following words: "I have traversed half this globe; I have seen fraud and calumny triumphant: my sole intention has been to be serviceable to mankind, yet I have been constantly persecuted. A great king honours me with his favour, and the bastinado, I am sent to a delightful province, but with a wooden leg: there I tasted pleasure after my misfortunes. An abbé arrives, and I protect him: by my means he insinuates himself at court, and I am obliged to kiss the soles of his feet. I meet my poor Pangloss again, only to see him burned. I stumble upon a company of philosophers, a species of animals the mildest and most sociable of any that are spread upon the face of the earth, and they beat me most unmercifully. Yet all must be right, because Pangloss said so; nevertheless I am the most miserable of all possible beings."

His meditations were suddenly interrupted by

piercing cries, which seemed not far off. His curiosity led him on. He beheld a young woman tearing her hair in the most violent agitation of despair. "Whosoever you are," said she, "if you have a heart, follow me." He followed her, and the first object he beheld was a man and a woman extended on the grass: their aspect bespoke the elevation of their minds and their distinguished origin; their features, though disfigured by grief, expressed something so interesting that Candide sympathised in their sorrows, and could not help eagerly inquiring the cause of their misfortunes. "These," said the young woman, "are my parents; yes, they are the authors of my unhappy being," continued she, throwing herself into their arms. "They were forced to fly to avoid the rigour of an unjust sentence: I attended them in their flight, and was contented to share their misfortunes, in hopes that I might be of some service in procuring nourishment for them in the desert we were going to enter. We stopped here to repose a while, and unhappily discovering that tree, I was deceived in its fruit. O Sir! I am a most horrid criminal! Arm yourself in defence of virtue, and punish me as I deserve. Strike!—That fruit—I gave it to my parents; they ate of it with pleasure: I rejoiced that I had relieved them from the torment of thirst. Unhappily, I presented them with death: the fruit is poison."

Candide shook with horror; his hair stood upright;

a cold sweat covered his whole body. He immediately did all in his power to assist this wretched family; but the poison had already made so much progress, that the best antidote would now have been ineffectual. "Dear, dear child, our only hope and comfort!" said the expiring parents, "forgive thyself; we sincerely forgive thee; it was thy excessive tenderness which deprives us of life— O generous stranger! be careful of our daughter: her heart is noble and formed for virtue: it is a treasure which we commit to thy care, infinitely more precious than our past fortune.—Dearest Zenoide, receive our last embraces; mix thy tears with ours. O heaven, what delightful moments are these! Thou hast opened to us the door of the comfortless dungeon, in which we have lived forty tedious years. We bless thee with our last breath, praying that thou mayst never forget the lessons which our prudence dictated; and that they may preserve thee from the danger to which thou wilt necessarily be exposed!" Pronouncing these words, they expired. Candide had great difficulty to bring Zenoide to herself. The solitude of the place, and the pale light of the moon, rendered the melancholy scene still more affecting. The day began to dawn before Zenoide recovered the use of her senses. She no sooner opened her eyes, than she desired Candide to dig a hole to inter the bodies: even she herself assisted with astonishing resolution.

This duty being discharged, she gave vent to her tears. Our philosopher persuaded her to quit this fatal spot; and they walked along for some time, without knowing whither they went. At length they perceived a little cottage, which was inhabited by an old man and his wife, who, in the midst of this desert, were always ready to render all the service in their power to their distressed brethren. This couple were, in fact, what Philemon and Baucis are said to have been. They had enjoyed the sweets of Hymen forty years, without one bitter draught. Constant health, the produce of temperance and tranquillity; a pleasing simplicity of manners; an exhaustless fund of candour in their disposition; all the virtues for which man is indebted to himself alone, composed the happy lot which heaven had been pleased to grant them. They were held in great veneration in the neighbouring hamlets, whose inhabitants, happy in their rusticity, might have passed for very honest people, if they had been Catholics. They considered it as their duty to support Agaton and Suname (such were the names of this old couple); and they now extended their charity to the two strangers. "Alas!" said Candide, "what pity it was that you, my poor Pangloss, were burned: I know you were quite right; but it was not in those parts of Europe and Asia, which we traversed together, that all is for the best: it is in Eldorado, which it is impossible to reach; and

in a little cottage, situated in the coldest, the most barren, and the most dismal country in the whole world. What pleasure should I have had to hear you, in this cabin, talk of pre-established harmony and *monades!* I should like to spend the rest of my days among these honest Lutherans; but it would oblige me to renounce going to mass, and expose me to the lash of the *Journal Chretien.*"

Candide was very anxious to know the adventures of Zenoide. Modesty hindered him from inquiring. She observed him, and satisfied his impatience by the following narrative.

CHAPTER XIII

THE STORY OF ZENOIDE.—HOW CANDIDE BECAME ENAMOURED WITH HER, AND THE CONSEQUENCES

"I AM descended from one of the most ancient houses of Denmark: one of my ancestors perished in that place where the wicked Christiern caused such a number of senators to be put to death. The accumulated riches and honours of my family served only to render their misfortunes more illustrious. My father had the boldness to disoblige a man in power, by speaking the truth; he suborned false accusers, who charged him with several imaginary crimes. The judges were deceived: Alas! what judge can always avoid the snares which calumny spreads for innocence? My father was condemned to lose his head on a scaffold. Flight only could preserve him, and he took refuge with a friend, one whom he thought worthy of this amiable appellation. We continued some time concealed in a castle on the sea-shore, which belonged to him; and here we might have been still secure, if the cruel wretch, taking advantage of our deplorable situation, had not exacted a price for his friendship,

which made us consider him with detestation. The infamous creature had conceived a violent passion for my mother and me: he made an attempt on our virtue by methods unworthy of a gentleman, and, to avoid the effects of his brutality, we were obliged to expose ourselves to the most frightful dangers: we betook ourselves to flight a second time, and you know the rest." Here Zenoide finished her relation, and she began to weep afresh. Candide dried up her tears, and said, in order to comfort her: "It is all for the best, my dear Miss; for, if your father had not been poisoned, he would, most infallibly have been discovered, and they would have cut off his head: your mother would have died of grief, perhaps; and we should not now be in this poor cottage, where all things are much better, than in the most charming castle imaginable." "Alas! Sir," replied Zenoide, "my father never told me that all was for the best. We all belong to one God, who loves us; but he will not exempt us from the devouring cares, the cruel distempers, the innumerable evils to which human nature is liable. In America, poison and the bark grow close to each other. The happiest of mortals has shed tears. A mixture of pleasures and pain constitutes what we call life; that is to say, a determined space of time (always too long in the opinion of wisdom), which ought to be employed in being useful to the society of which we are members, to rejoice in the

works of the Almighty, without foolishly inquiring into their causes; to regulate our conduct upon the testimony of our conscience; and, above all, to respect our religion: happy if we could always observe its precepts!

"In this manner have I heard my honoured father frequently speak. What presumptuous wretches, would he say, are those rash scribblers who seek to penetrate into the secrets of the Almighty? On the principle, that God expects to be honoured by the numberless atoms to whom he has given existence, mankind have united ridiculous chimeras, with the most respectable truths. The Dervish among the Turks, the Brahmin in Persia, the Bonze in China, the Talapoin in India, all worship the Deity in a different manner; nevertheless they enjoy peace of mind, though bewildered in obscurity; those who would endeavour to dispel the mist, would do them no service; he cannot be said to love mankind, who would remove their prejudices."

"You speak like a philosopher," said Candide: "may I presume to ask you, my dearest young lady, of what religion you are." "I was brought up a Lutheran," replied Zenoide; "it is the religion of my country." "Everything you say," continued Candide, "is a ray of light which penetrates my soul: you fill me with esteem and admiration.—How is it possible that so much sense should inhabit so fair a body?

Indeed, my dear Miss, I love and admire you to such a degree—" Candide stammered out something more; but Zenoide, perceiving his confusion, retired: from that moment, she avoided all occasions of being alone with him, and Candide sought every opportunity of being either alone with her, or entirely by himself. He was seized with a melancholy, which, however, was not unpleasing: he was violently in love with Zenoide, yet endeavoured to dissemble his passion; but his looks betrayed the secret of his heart. "Alas!" said he, "if Pangloss was here, he would give me good advice, for he was a great philosopher."

CHAPTER XIV

CONTINUATION OF CANDIDE'S AMOUR

CANDIDE was forced to be content with the poor consolation of conversing with the beautiful Zenoide in the presence of the old man and his wife. "And was it possible," said he one day to the mistress of his heart, "that the king, whom you were allowed to approach, could permit such a flagrant act of injustice to your family? You have great reason to hate him." "Alas!" replied Zenoide, "who can hate their king?

"Who can avoid loving him who is intrusted with the glittering blade of the law? Kings are the visible images of the Deity; we ought never to condemn their conduct; obedience and respect are the duties of good subjects." "I admire you more and more," answered Candide: "pray, Miss, are you acquainted with the great Leibnitz, and the great Pangloss, who was burned, after having escaped hanging? Do you know the *monades*, the *materia subtilis*, and the *vortices?*" "No, Sir," said Zenoide; "my father never mentioned any of these things; he gave me only a slight notion of experimental philosophy, and taught me to despise every kind of philosophy which did not directly tend to promote the happiness of mankind;

which inspires him with false notions of his duty to himself and to his neighbour; which does not teach him how to regulate his manners; which serves only to fill his mind with unintelligible words, and rash conjectures; which cannot give a clearer idea of the author of our being than that which we form from his works, and the miracles which are daily performed before our eyes." "Upon my word, Miss," said Candide, "I admire you beyond expression; I am enchanted; I am ravished; you are certainly an angel sent from heaven to confute the sophisms of Master Pangloss. Ignorant animal that I was! After having endured a prodigious number of kicks on the backside, of stripes across my shoulders, of strokes with a bull's pizzle on the soles of my feet; after having felt an earthquake; after having been present at the hanging of Doctor Pangloss, and lately seen him burned alive; after having been ignominiously used by a vile Persian; after having been plundered by order of the divan, and drubbed by a company of philosophers; notwithstanding all this, I believed that all was for the best; but I am now entirely undeceived. Nevertheless, nature never appeared to me so beautiful as since I have beheld you. The rural concerts of birds strike my ears with a harmony, to which, till now, I was quite insensible. All nature blooms, and the beauty of your sentiments seems to animate every

object. I feel none of that voluptuous languor which I experienced in my garden at Sus; the passion you inspire, is quite different." "Forbear," said Zenoide, "lest you offend that delicacy which you ought to respect." "I will be silent then," said Candide, "but that will only augment my passion." He looked earnestly at Zenoide, as he pronounced these words; he perceived that she blushed, and thence, like a man of experience, he conceived the most flattering hopes. The young Dane continued for some time to shun her lover. One day as he was walking hastily in the garden, he cried out in a transport of love, "O that I had but my Eldoradonian sheep! Why am I not able to buy a little kingdom!"—"What would you make me?" said a voice that shot through the heart of our philosopher. "Is it you, charming Zenoide?" said he, falling upon his knees at her feet, "I thought myself alone. The few words you spoke seemed to flatter my hopes. I shall never be a king, and possibly never shall be rich; but if I were beloved by you— O do not turn away those charming eyes, but let me read in them a confession which alone can make me happy. Beautiful Zenoide, I adore you: for heaven's sake be merciful.—Ah! what do I see? You weep. Gods, I am too happy." "Yes," said Zenoide, "you are happy; nothing obliges me to conceal my sensibility from a person who deserves it. Hitherto you have been attached to my destiny by the ties of humanity

only: it is now time to strengthen our union with more holy bonds. I have deliberately consulted my own heart; do you also maturely reflect, and above all things remember, that by marrying me you engage to become my protector; to soften and participate the miseries which fate may still have reserved for me." "Marry you?" said Candide; "these words have at once opened my eyes, and shown me the imprudence of my conduct. Alas! sweet lady, I am unworthy of your goodness: Cunegonde is yet living."—"Cunegonde, who is she?" "My wife," replied Candide, with his usual ingenuity.

Our lovers stood silent for some moments; they would have spoken, but the words expired upon their lips: their eyes swam in tears. Candide held both her hands in his; he pressed them to his heart; he devoured them with kisses. He had the courage to touch her heaving breast, and found that she breathed with difficulty. His soul rose up to his lips, which by pressing those of Zenoide, brought her to herself. Candide thought he saw his pardon written in her eyes. "Dear Candide," said she, "my displeasure would but ill repay those transports which my heart in spite of me approves. Yet hold; you will ruin me in the opinion of mankind, and you will cease to love me when I am become the object of their contempt. Stop then, and respect my weakness." "What!" said Candide, "because the stupid vulgar say that a girl

is dishonoured in making her lover happy in following the generous dictates of nature, which in the early ages of the world—"

We shall not relate all this interesting conversation; we shall content ourselves with saying that Candide's eloquence, embellished by the expressions of love, had all the effect that he could expect, on a young and tender-hearted female philosopher.

Our lovers, who had hitherto passed their time in disquietude and affliction, were now continually intoxicated with pleasure. The silence of the forest, the mountains covered with brambles and surrounded with precipices; the frozen waters, and barren fields with which they were environed, served but to persuade them of the necessity of love; they resolved never to quit this frightful solitude; but destiny was not yet weary in her persecutions, as we shall see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XV

THE ARRIVAL OF VOLHALL. JOURNEY TO COPENHAGEN

CANDIDE and his mistress amused themselves with reasoning on the works of the Creator, on the worship due to him from mankind, on the duties of society, more especially on charity, which, of all other virtues, is the most useful to our fellow creatures. They were not content with vain declamations: Candide taught youth to respect the sacred restrictions of the law, and Zenoide instructed young maidens in their duty to their parents; they united their endeavours to sow the prolific seeds of religion in juvenile minds. One day as they were busied in this pious employment, Suname acquainted Zenoide, that an old gentleman, with several attendants, was just come, and inquired for a person, who, she was convinced by his description, could be no other than the beautiful Zenoide. The gentleman, who followed her close, entered almost at the same instant.

Zenoide fainted away as soon as she saw him; but Volhall, unmoved at this affecting sight, took her by the hand, and dragged her with so much violence that she came to herself; but it was only

to shed a torrent of tears. "It is very well, niece," said he, with a severe smile, "I have caught you in fine company; no wonder you should prefer it to the capital, to my house, and to your own family." "Yes, Sir," replied Zenoide, "I prefer the habitation of truth and candour to that of treachery and imposture. I shall never behold, without horror, the place where my misfortunes began, where I have had such convincing proofs of your baseness, and where you are the only relation I have." "No matter, Miss," replied Volhall, "you shall follow me, if you please, though you were to have another fit." So saying, he dragged her along, and put her into a chaise. She had but just time to bid Candide follow her, to bless her kind host and hostess, promising to reward them for their generous hospitality.

One of Volhall's servants, being moved with Candide's affliction, and believing he had no other interest in the young lady than what virtue in distress might inspire, advised him to take a journey to Copenhagen. He told him, he could probably get him admitted into Volhall's family, if he had no other resource. Candide accepted his offer, and being arrived, his future comrade presented him as a relation for whose fidelity he would answer. "Maraut," said Volhall, "I consent: you shall have the honour of waiting on a man of my rank and distinction; but be careful always to pay an implicit obedience

to my will: anticipate my commands if you are endowed with sufficient penetration: remember that a man of my distinction degrades himself by conversing with such a wretch as you." Our philosopher replied with great submission to this impertinent harangue, and that very day he was dressed in his master's livery.

One may easily imagine Zenoide's astonishment and joy, when she recollected her lover among her uncle's servants. She gave him all the opportunities she could, which Candide judiciously improved to their mutual satisfaction. They vowed an eternal constancy; nevertheless Zenoide was far from being quite easy: she sometimes condemned her passion for Candide, and would now and then afflict him for amusement; but Candide adored her; he knew that perfection did not fall to the lot of man, much less of woman. Zenoide recovered her good humour in his arms; the constraint they were obliged to observe increased their enjoyment, and they were yet happy.

CHAPTER XVI

HOW CANDIDE FOUND HIS WIFE AGAIN. HOW HE LOST HIS MISTRESS

Our hero had no hardship to bear but the haughtiness of his master, and this was not purchasing at too dear a rate the favours of his mistress. Happy lovers cannot conceal their passion so easily as is generally imagined; they soon betrayed their own secret; their connection was no longer a mystery to any one in the house, except to Volhall himself. Candide was honoured with felicitations that made him tremble; he expected the storm which was about to burst over his head, and was in no doubt that the person who had been so dear to him was upon the point of accelerating his misfortunes.

For some days past Candide had observed a woman, whose face bore a strong resemblance to that of Cunegonde: he now saw her again in the courtyard, but her garb was mean; besides, there was not the least probability that the favourite mistress of a rich Mahometan should appear in the courtyard of an inn at Copenhagen. Nevertheless, this disagreeable object fixed her eyes on Candide

with great attention. She now precipitately approached, and saluted him with the most violent box on the ear he ever received in his life. "I was not deceived," cried our philosopher; "O heavens, who could have thought it! What business have you here, after suffering yourself to be ravished by a Mahometan? Go, perfidious spouse, I know nothing of you." "Thou shalt know me by my fury," said Cunegonde. "I know all thy wicked courses, thy intrigue with thy master's niece, thy contempt of me. Alas! it is three months since I was turned out of the seraglio, because I was no longer useful. A merchant bought me to mend his linen, and having occasion to make a voyage to these parts, brought me along with him. Martin, Cacambo, and Paquette, whom he also purchased, are of the party. Doctor Pangloss also, by the greatest chance imaginable, was a passenger in the same ship: we were cast away a few miles from hence; I escaped with honest Cacambo, whose flesh, I assure thee, is as firm as thine; and I have found thee again to my sorrow, for thy infidelity is manifest. Tremble therefore, and dread the vengeance of an injured woman."

Candide was so stupefied with this moving scene, that he suffered Cunegonde to depart without considering how necessary it is to keep terms with those who are in our secrets, when all at once Cacambo

presented himself to his view. They tenderly embraced. Candide inquired into the truth of what he had heard, and was extremely afflicted for the loss of the great Pangloss, who, after having been hanged and burned, was most miserably drowned. He spoke of him with that effusion of heart which true friendship inspires. A *billet*, which Zenoide threw out of the window, put an end to their conversation. Candide opened it, and read as follows: "Fly, my dear lover, everything is discovered. An innocent and natural inclination, which does no injury to society, is a crime in the estimation of credulous and cruel men. Volhall has this moment left my chamber, after treating me with the utmost inhumanity: he is gone to obtain an order to have you immured in a dungeon. Fly, therefore, my dear, dear lover, and save a life which I am no longer suffered to enjoy. Those happy days are past, when our mutual tenderness—Ah! wretched Zenoide, what hast thou done to deserve the wrath of heaven! But I wander: O do not forget thy dear Zenoide. Dear Candide, thy image will never be effaced from my heart.—No, thou never knewest how much I loved thee.—O that thou couldst receive from my burning lips, my last farewell, and my last sigh! I feel that I am ready to follow my unhappy father: I hold the world in abhorrence; it is all treachery and guilt."

Cacambo, always retaining his wisdom and prudence, drew along with him Candide, who had lost all the power of his sensitive faculties. They went, by the shortest way, out of the city. Candide did not open his mouth; and they had got at a pretty considerable distance from Copenhagen, before he was roused from his lethargy; but, at last staring on his faithful Cacambo, he spoke what follows.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW CANDIDE INTENDED TO KILL HIMSELF, AND DID NOT EFFECTUATE IT. WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM IN AN INN

"DEAR Cacambo, formerly my servant, now my equal and always my friend, thou hast partaken some of my misfortunes, thou hast given me salutary advices, thou hast seen my love for Miss Cunegonde." "Alas! my dear old Master," said Cacambo, "it is she who played you this most base trick. Being informed by your companions, that you were as deep in love with Zenoide, as she was with you, she revealed the whole scene to the barbarous Volhall." "Since this is the case," said Candide, "death is my only refuge." Our philosopher then taking a penknife out of his pocket, began to whet it with a composure worthy of an ancient Roman, or of an Englishman. "What do you mean?" said Cacambo. "To cut my throat," said Candide. "An excellent thought," replied Cacambo; "but wisdom should never determine, till after mature deliberation: the means of death will be always in your own power, if you continue in the same mind. Be advised, my

dear master, and put it off till to-morrow; the longer you defer it, the more courageous will be the action." "I like thy reasoning," said Candide; "besides, if I should cut my throat now, the gazetteer of Trevoux would insult my memory: it is then determined, I will not cut my throat for this two or three days at least." Thus conversing they arrived at Elsineur, a pretty considerable town, at a little distance from Copenhagen: here they rested that night, and Cacambo applauded himself for the good effect which sleep had produced in the mind of Candide. They took their leave of this town at break of day; and Candide, always a philosopher, for the prejudices of youth are not easily effaced, entertained his friend Cacambo with a dissertation on moral and physical good, with the discourses of the wise Zenoide, and the true lights he had received from her learned conversation. "If Pangloss was not dead," said he, "I would confute his system beyond contradiction. God preserve me from becoming a Manichæan. My dear mistress has taught me to respect the impenetrable veil by which the Deity chooses to conceal his designs from mankind. Perhaps man himself is the cause of the misfortunes under which he groans: fruit-eaters are become carnivorous animals. The savages we have seen devour only the Jesuits, yet they live in perfect harmony among themselves; and those which, by chance, are

scattered through the desert, and feed only upon roots and herbs, are certainly happy. Society has given birth to the most heinous crimes. There are people, who, from their situation, seem as it were obliged to desire the death of their fellow-creatures. The shipwreck of a vessel, the burning of a house, and the loss of a battle, is the occasion of grief to some, and of joy to others. Things go very ill, my dear Cacambo, and a wise man has nothing to do but to cut his throat as gently as possible." "You are in the right," said Cacambo, "but I perceive an inn, you must be thirsty; come, my old master, let us take a glass, and then we will proceed in our philosophical disquisitions."

They entered the inn, where a crowd of peasants were dancing in the middle of the court, to the sound of very bad instruments. A cheerful smile sat on every face: it was a picture worthy the pencil of Vatau. As soon as they perceived Candide, a young girl took him by the hand, intreating him to dance. "My sweet lass," replied Candide, "when a man has lost his mistress, found his wife, and but just heard of the death of the great Pangloss, he can have no inclination to cut capers: besides, I intend to kill myself to-morrow; and you know, when a person has but a few hours to live, he should not waste his time in dancing." Cacambo then advanced, and expressed himself in the following manner:

"Great philosophers have always had a passion for glory. Cato of Utica killed himself after having slept soundly; Socrates swallowed hemlock after familiarly conversing with his friends; several Englishmen have blown out their brains after coming from an entertainment: but I have never heard of any great man who cut his throat after dancing. No, my dear master, this glory is reserved for you. Let us dance our bellies full to-day, and we will kill ourselves to-morrow." "Dost thou not observe," replied Candide, "that pretty lively wench?" "There is something vastly striking in her countenace," said Cacambo. "She squeezed my hand," replied our philosopher. "Did you take notice," said Cacambo, "of her little round breasts, when her handkerchief flew back as she was dancing?" "Yes, I observed them well," said Candide: "if my heart was not full of the charms of Miss Zenoide—" But the little black girl interrupted Candide, and again besought him to dance. Our hero was at last persuaded, and danced with the genteelest air imaginable. He then embraced the pretty peasant, and retired to his seat without asking the queen of the ball to dance. Immediately there was a confused murmur; both the actors and spectators were shocked at such a manifest neglect. Candide was ignorant of his fault, and therefore could make no apology. At length a great clown came forward, and gave him

a slap in the face, which was returned by Cacambo with a kick in the belly. The instruments were scattered about in an instant, the women lost their caps. Candide and Cacambo behaved like heroes; but they were forced to betake themselves to their heels, though quite crippled with the blows they had received.

"I am very unlucky," said Candide, leaning on his friend Cacambo; "I have experienced great misfortunes, but I never expected to have had my bones broke for dancing with a peasant at her own request."

CHAPTER XVIII

CANDIDE AND CACAMBO RETIRE TO AN HOSPITAL. ADVENTURE THERE

Cacambo and his quondam master were unable to proceed; they began to give way to that malady of the soul which destroys all its faculties, dejection and despair: when looking up, they espied an hospital built for travellers. Cacambo entered, and Candide followed him; they were treated in the manner in which people are generally treated for the love of God. Their wounds were speedily healed; but they both got the itch, which was not to be cured in a few days. This idea drew tears from the eyes of our philosopher, and, scratching himself, he said, "O my dear Cacambo, why didst thou hinder me from cutting my throat? Thy pernicious counsel hath plunged me again into disgrace and misfortúne: if I should now cut my throat, they would say, in the *Journal of Trevoux*, He was a coward; he killed himself because he had the itch. See to what thou hast exposed me by thy injudicious friendship." "Our misfortunes are not without remedy," said Cacambo; "if you will follow my advice, we will become brothers of the hospital; I under-

stand a little of surgery, and I will engage to render our woeful condition supportable." "Ah!" cried Candide, "pox take all the asses in the world, and especially those chirurgical asses, so fatal to human nature! No, I will not suffer thee to pass for what thou art not; it were a piece of treachery, the consequences of which might be terrible. Besides, if thou didst but know, after having been viceroy of a rich province, after having been able to purchase kingdoms, after having been the happy lover of Miss Zenoide, how hard it is to resolve to serve as mate in an hospital." "All this I know full well; but I also know that it is very hard to die of hunger. Besides, the plan which I propose is perhaps the only one to elude the cruelty of Volhall."

Whilst he thus spake, one of the brothers of the hospital happening to pass, asked him a few questions, to which he replied properly. This brother assured them that the fraternity lived well, and enjoyed decent liberty. Candide resolved: they were admitted without scruple, and these two miserable beings began to administer comfort to beings yet more miserable.

One day as Candide was distributing some bad broth among the patients, an old man particularly caught his attention. He seemed in the agony of death. "Poor man," said Candide, "how I pity you! You must suffer terribly." "Indeed I do," he re-

plied, with a hollow sepulchral voice: "they tell me that I have a complication of distempers, and that I am poxed to the very bone; if so, I must needs be extremely ill. Nevertheless, it is all for the best, and that is my consolation." "No man in the world," said Candide, "but Doctor Pangloss, could maintain optimism in such a deplorable situation, when every other mortal would preach pess—" "Do not pronounce that detestable word," said the poor old man; "I am that very Pangloss. Wretch, let me die in peace; all things are good, everything is best." The effort he made in pronouncing these words, cost him his last tooth, and in a few moments after he expired.

Candide bewailed his death, for he had a good heart: his obstinacy, however, afforded matter of reflection to our philosopher. He would frequently ruminate on his adventures. Cunegonde had remained at Copenhagen, where, he was informed, she mended shirts and stockings with great reputation. He had now lost all his passion for travelling. The faithful Cacambo assisted him with his advice and friendship. He never murmured at the dispensations of providence: "I know," he would sometimes say, "that happiness is not the lot of humanity; it is nowhere to be found except in the good country of Eldorado; but to go thither is impossible."

CHAPTER XIX

NEW ADVENTURES

CANDIDE was not quite unhappy, for he had a true friend. He had found, in an American mongrel valet, what, in Europe, we seek in vain. Perhaps nature, who has planted simples in America proper for the maladies of European bodies, may there also have sown remedies for the disorders of our hearts and minds. Perhaps there are a species of men in this new world, who are formed differently from us, who are not slaves to self-interest, who are capable of sincere friendship. 'Twere happy, if instead of bales of indigo and cochineal, stained with blood, they would bring us some of these men: this kind of commerce would be very advantageous to mankind. Cacambo was of more value to Candide than a dozen of red sheep loaded with the pebbles of Eldorado. Our philosopher now began to be reconciled to life. He consoled himself that he was employed in the preservation of the human species, and in not being a useless member of society. Heaven rewarded the purity of his intentions, by restoring to him, as well as to his friend Cacambo, the blessing of health. They had no longer the itch, and they performed the

duties of their function with great alacrity; but alas! fate soon broke in upon their peaceful security. Cunegonde, who had set her heart upon tormenting her husband, sallied forth from Copenhagen in pursuit of him: chance directed her to the hospital; she was accompanied by a man whom Candide soon discovered to be the Baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh: his surprise may be easily supposed. The Baron, perceiving it, spoke to him in these words. "I did not long continue to row in the Turkish galleys; the Jesuits, hearing of my misfortune, redeemed me for the honour of the society. I made a tour in Germany, where I received some civilities from my father's heirs. I left nothing unattempted to get intelligence of my sister; and hearing at Constantinople that she had embarked on board a vessel which was cast away on the coast of Denmark, I disguised myself and departed, being provided with proper letters of recommendation to Danish merchants in connection with the society: in short, I have found my sister again, who loves you notwithstanding you are unworthy of that honour; and since you have had the insolence to lie with her, I consent to the ratification, or rather a new celebration of your nuptials; that is to say, provided she gives you only her left hand, which is but reasonable, as she has no less than seventy-one quarters, and you have none at all." "Alas," says Candide, "all the quarters in the world without beauty—

Miss Cunegonde was very ugly when I imprudently married her; she became handsome, and another has enjoyed her charms; she is again grown ugly, and you would have me give my hand to her a second time; no, no, Reverend father; send her back to her seraglio at Constantinople; she has done me but too much injury in this country." "Ungrateful man," said Cunegonde, making horrible contortions, "how can you be so hard-hearted? Do not oblige the Baron, now a priest, to wash the blot out of his escutcheon with your blood. Dost thou believe me capable of consenting to the act of infidelity? What wouldst thou have had me done when I was in the power of a Turk who thought me handsome? Neither tears, nor my cries, had any effect on his savage brutality: so that, finding it in vain to resist, I contrived to be as commodiously ravished as possible, as any other woman would have done in my situation: this is all my crime. But my greatest offence is having robbed thee of thy mistress, which, on the contrary, thou shouldst consider as a proof of my affection. Come, come, my dear little soul; if ever I should grow handsome again; if my breasts, which now are somewhat pendent, should recover their rotund elasticity; if—they shall be all for thee alone, my dear Candide; we are no longer in Turkey, and I swear that I will never suffer myself to be ravished again."

This discourse made no very deep impression upon Candide. He desired a little time for consideration. The Baron granted him two hours, which he spent in consulting with his friend Cacambo. After having weighed every argument *pro* and *con*, they determined to accompany the Baron and his sister to Germany. Accordingly everything being settled, they set out all together; not on foot, but mounted on good cavalry, which the Jesuit Baron had brought along with him. They were now arrived at the frontiers of the kingdom, when a tall ill-favoured fellow fixed his eyes attentively on our hero. "It is the very man," said he; "pray, Sir, if I may be so bold, is not your name Candide?" "Yes, Sir," replied Candide, "so I have always been called." "I am extremely glad of it," said the man. "Yes, indeed, you have black eyebrows, ears of a moderate size, a round face, and ruddy complexion, and you appear to be about five feet five." "Yes, Sir," said Candide, "that is exactly my height; but what are my ears and my height to you?" "Sir," replied the man, "we cannot be too circumspect in our employment: permit me to ask you another question; were you not in the service of Squire Volhall?" "In truth, Sir," said Candide, a little disconcerted, "I do not understand—" "But I understand perfectly well that you are the person whose description I have in my hand. Please to walk into the guard-room. Soldiers, conduct the gentleman

in; prepare the black hole, and tell the smith to make a slight chain of about thirty or forty pound weight. Mr. Candide, you have got a good-like horse there; I want one of that colour; we shall agree about him by and by."

The Baron did not dare to claim his beast. Cunegonde wept for a quarter of an hour. The Jesuit beheld the scene without emotion. "I should have been obliged," said he to his sister, "either to kill him or force him to remarry you; and, all things considered, it is the best that could happen for the honour of our family." Cunegonde and her brother set out for Germany; but the faithful Cacambo resolved not to abandon his friend in distress.

CHAPTER XX

THE CONTINUATION OF CANDIDE'S MISFORTUNES; HOW HE FOUND HIS MISTRESS AGAIN, AND WHAT WAS THE CONSEQUENCE

"PANGLOSS!" said Candide, "it is a thousand pities that you have perished so miserably: you have been witness only to the smallest part of my misfortunes, and I was in hopes to make you reject that groundless opinion you so obstinately maintained, even unto death. There is not a man in the world who has experienced greater adversity than I have; and yet there is not a single soul who has not cursed his own existence, as the daughter of Pope Urban very pathetically told us. What will become of me, my dear Cacambo?" "I cannot tell," replied Cacambo; "all I know is, that I will never forsake you." "But Cunegonde has forsaken me," said Candide. "Alas! a wife is not worth an American friend."

This was the conversation of Candide and Cacambo in a dungeon, from whence they were dragged in order to be conveyed to Copenhagen, where our philosopher was to learn his fate. He feared it would be a dreadful one, as the reader may also apprehend;

but Candide was mistaken, and so is the reader. He was destined to be happy at Copenhagen, where he was no sooner arrived than he was apprised of the death of Volhall; this brute died unlamented, and everybody concerned themselves about Candide. His chains were immediately knocked off, and liberty was the more agreeable to him, as it furnished him with the means of finding Zenoide. He hastened to her house; he was a long time before he could utter a syllable, but their silence was sufficiently expressive. They embraced; they endeavoured to speak, but they could only weep. Cacambo enjoyed this delightful scene like a being of sensibility; he sympathised in his friend's joy, and was almost in the same situation. "My dear Cacambo, my beloved Zenoide," cried Candide, "I am now recompensed for all my sufferings. Love and friendship shall sweeten the remainder of my life. What numberless difficulties have paved the way to this unexpected happiness? But all is now forgotten, dearest Zenoide, I see you, you love me; all things go well with me now, everything is for the best."

The death of Volhall left Zenoide her own mistress, and the court allowed her a pension out of her father's fortune, which had been confiscated. She readily shared with Candide and Cacambo, whom she permitted to live in the same house, and industriously reported, that, having received such signal services

from these two strangers, she thought herself obliged to reward them with all the pleasures of life. Some shrewd people penetrated into the motives of her kindness, which was not very difficult, as her intrigue with Candide had unluckily transpired. Most people condemned her, and her conduct was approved only by a few people who knew the world. Zenoide, who paid some regard to the esteem of fools, was not quite happy in her situation. The death of Cunegonde, which the correspondents of trading Jesuits reported at Copenhagen, furnished Zenoide with an opportunity to reconcile the scrupulous: she ordered a pedigree to be made for Candide; and the author, who was a man of parts, proved him to be descended from one of the most ancient families in Europe: he even pretended that his real name was Canut, the name of an ancient Danish king, than which nothing could be more probable; for to change *did* into *ut* was no very extraordinary metamorphosis. In consequence of this trifling alteration, Candide became a nobleman of distinction. He was married publicly to Zenoide; they lived together as happily as it is possible to live. Cacambo was their common friend; and Candide used frequently to say, "All things are not so well with us here as in Eldorado, but yet they are pretty well."

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